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Hosstail's "SMALL TALK"

I am down here on the Lazy S Ranch again. In spite of the drought, I enjoy this place immensely. It is as close to being unspoiled (pine and hardwood wilderness) as any place I have seen in a long time and I want to keep it that way. Talk about dry, it was predicted that we would get five to fifteen inches of rain from Hurricane Allen. Exactly one-fifth of an inch fell on us.

My four lakes on this place are drying up. They aren't big lakes but they are full of Florida bass and channel catfish, and I would durned nigh expire along with them if the water shrinks down to where the fish can't live.

I know by the time you read this, it will be ancient history, but I am trying to get ahead on these columns so I can do some things I have planned on for so long. When I tell you I am writing this in August 1980 and that you probably will be reading it in February or March 1981, you will realize that I am not exactly putting out a "news" column!

In fact, I often wonder just how many people actually read this blamed thing. I have a feeling that I hear mostly from the folks who seem to enjoy it for some reason and that perhaps the rest of you are too polite to comment. Honestly, I would like to have comment from some of you who do not care for it. You don't even have to write a special letter — you could just include a few terse words on your renewal blank. People have a hard time believing that I thrive on constructive criticism. If you could like the column "if certain things were done," I would sure like to hear from you. If you don't like it period, I would still like very much to hear from you. If enough of you don't like it, that would save all of us a lot of trouble, now wouldn't it?

This chatty "Small Talk" isn't meant to save the world or even help anybody much, unless you enjoy a little informality now and then. So many readers write that informality in magazines and most newspapers has disappeared off the face of the earth. Some of them are kind of bitter about it — informality, they say, has gone for good and everything now is standardized to the point of simply being no fun. Well, for those readers maybe, this column holds out a wee bit of hope because this old coot is never going formal until I cross that Great Divide — and I sure don't want any formality at my funeral. This business of "the family is holding up very well" may be just fine for some people but I never have held up very well when any of my family or close friends died, and I don't plan on it in the future.

Let's don't even mention dying — I feel too good right down here with the elk, deer, fish and birds of every description. I have some really big, beautiful whitetail deer on this place. They pass by this cabin without the least bit of fear. After all, it just sits here doing nothing most of the time and they have never had anything to fear from it or anybody in it.

Elk are the same way. I have some feed boxes twenty and forty yards from my den, which is in the front part of the cabin and is completely open to the view, being all windows. Oak, pine and brush grow right up within twenty yards of the cabin — with one spot open so I can look into a big field where deer, elk and cattle graze. Grapevines cover the oak trees surrounding this cabin in an almost impenetrable blanket. We had an unusually good crop of grapes, and the crows have gone crazy over them. Right now I am looking at twenty to thirty big, black shiny crows climbing in and out of the maze of vines and luscious fruit like a bunch of hungry monkeys! (We also have ticks — I just saw one crawling on my leg and decided not to provide free board for him!)

It sure beats the heck out of city life! You know, I can come down here and I will still be sort of on edge for the first couple of days. It is hard to get out of that rat race. Then I really calm down and feel good, think good and simply enjoy life at least a thousand times more than at home where the telephone is always ringing, there are obligations that must be met, people to be seen and troubles of every description arising constantly.

I know you can't run away from your problems but you can durn sure leave them for a while and come back in a healthier state of mind and body so that you can wade into them and do a better job of whipping the sonofaguns down. I have said it before, but I think it bears repeating. Everyone owes it to himself to be alone even for one day, and preferably a full week, out of every six months in order to give his soul a chance to come back and tell him things. Of course, those who can't stand to be alone won't believe this. I was such a gent at one time. I had so many friends and kin that I felt I had to be around someone

(Continued on page 58)

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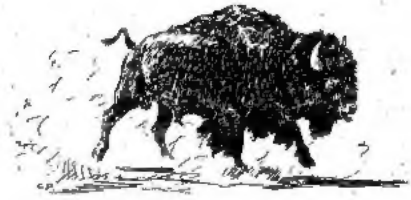

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country." ——— The late Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

In This Issue

HOSSTAIL'S "SMALL TALK"		3
TRAILS GROWN DIM		5
TRULY WESTERN		6
LA JARA RIVER CHARACTERS	Fred Girard	8
THE LEGACY OF A SADDLE MAKER	Lelia La Vine Quihuis	14
HOBO MUSIC	Hood River Blackie	22
LONELY, LONG-AGO LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS	Genevieve H. Miller	24
A WOLF IS ALWAYS A WOLF!	Ernestine Chesser Williams	30
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP	The Old Bookaroos	33
STONE-BOATS AND MUSKRATS	Nell Murbarger	34
FOREST RANGERS AND THE CRAZY MAN	Abe B. Cutler	38
THE WIDOW ELLIOTT	Charlsie Poe	44
ADIOS TO A PACKTRAIN	Grady E. McCright	48
WILD OLD DAYS		52
LAME DANCING MASTERS		56

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"Range Mother"

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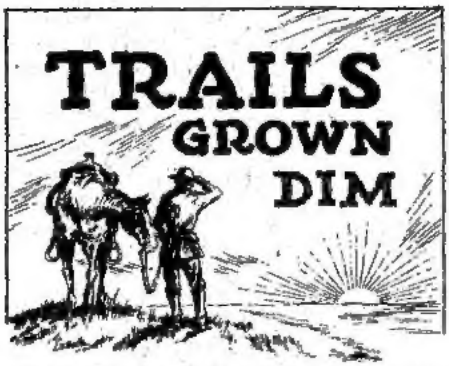

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Tumlinson

I am seeking information on three of the eleven children of John Jackson Tumlinson born in 1776 in Lincoln County, North Carolina who married Elizabeth Plemmons (or Clemmons) born in 1778 in Lincoln County.

Jane Tumlinson was born February 23, 1799 in North Carolina and married Elizah Ratliff, I think in Tennessee. They were in Texas in 1840.

John Jackson Tumlinson, Jr. was born December 19, 1804 in North Carolina. I believe John Jr. was married three times in Texas. He died there after 1850.

Andrew Tumlinson was born January 21, 1806 in North Carolina and died about 1830 in Texas. He married Harriett Cottle on July 2, 1829 in Gonzales, Texas.

I would appreciate the names of their children and who they married. I have most of this information on the other eight children of John J. and Elizabeth Tumlinson and will exchange information. — Bobbie Thompson, P.O. Box 922, Winnie, Texas 77665.

Titus — Bingham — Morrison

My great-grandfather, David Marshall Titus, married Elizabeth Bingham about 1850. They may have lived in Corvallis and Waldport, Oregon. He was a partner with a man known only to us as Lee. They built a boat which they named "Lizzie" or "Maggie" and carried cherrywood to San Francisco and supplies back to Oregon.

David and Elizabeth's children were Francis (Jeff) and Alice. Elizabeth had several boys by a previous marriage. They may have kept the Bingham name or gone by the name of Titus.

Alice Titus married a Morrison. Their children were Leo and Minnie. They may live in Corvallis, Eugene, or Salem, Oregon.

Any information on these people would be greatly appreciated. — Lois Jessiman, 8410 Hidden Valley Circle, Fair Oaks, California 95628.

McCray — Latham — Popham

My second great-grandfather, David Henry McCray, was born in Tennessee circa 1818. He came to Texas about 1856 with his wife, Rebecca Latham and settled at Devine in Medina County. According to one reference he and a Mr. Whitley were killed by Indians in Bandera County, Texas circa 1883. Their bodies were taken by wagon to Devine for burial. Does anyone know the burial site? Who were David and Rebecca's parents? Known children were Thomas, Mary, Jesse, Robert R. and Malinda Jane who married James Edward Popham. I would like to correspond with descendants. — Rodger N. Croker, 401 East Main, Llano, Texas 78643.

Benson - Clifton

I am seeking information on Benjamin and Prudence Clifton Benson and their children. Benjamin was born in 1794 in Raleigh, North Carolina and died in 1874 in Hampton, Calhoun County, Arkansas. He was married by tribal ceremony in 1818 or 1820 to Prudence Clifton in Rhea, Greene or McMinn County, Tennessee. Prudence was born in 1793 (in Tennessee?) and died in 1863 in Hampton, Arkansas. According to family tradition, Prudence was a daughter of a Cherokee chief, Clifton. My grandfather, William Joseph Willett, said that his grandmother never learned the white man's talk, that when he conversed with her it was in the Cherokee tongue.

In 1838 Benjamin Benson had five children in school; in 1839 there were four; and in 1840 there were five children in the Second District school in Meigs County, Tennessee. This indicates that one had died or had quit school in 1839 and another had just started in 1840. Sometime after 1840 Benjamin Benson moved to Jackson County, Alabama where his last son, Joseph, was born in 1842 or '43.

I would like to know how many children Benjamin and Prudence had,

(Continued on page 55)

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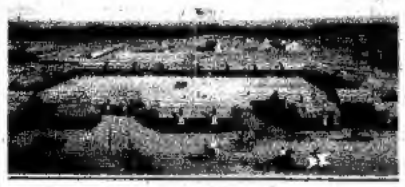

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Truly Western

Black Kettle I and II

After reading "Western Vignettes" by Agnes Wright Spring in the August 1980 issue I noticed that there may be an error in the piece she had written on Black Kettle's widow.

I am not an expert on Western history, having come from England, but I am married to an American Indian so I'm very interested in Western history, especially Indian history, and have read many books on Indians during the past twenty years.

The author stated that she had talked to Black Kettle's widow in September 1938 and also that Chief Black Kettle had been killed in 1903 by a sheriff's posse for illegally hunting antelope. Unless there were two Chief Black Kettles, that isn't right, as your history books will reveal Chief Black Kettle of the Cheyenne tribe, with his wife, was killed at the Battle of Washita on November 27, 1868 by Custer and his men. I also got the impression that the author thought Chief Black Kettle was a Sioux when in fact he was Cheyenne. I don't want to suggest that the author was wrong so I'd appreciate it if you could tell me if there were two different chiefs named Black Kettle.

I really enjoy your magazines and have been collecting them since 1964 and I'm sure I'll be reading them for many more years. — Judy Moistner, 246 F Drummond Avenue, Ridgecrest, California 93555

Author's reply: Thank you for giving me the opportunity to assure your reader that I am not in error. There were at least two Black Kettles. One fought in Kansas in the very early days. The Chief Black Kettle whose widow I interviewed was killed in the so-called Lightning Creek Battle in North-Central Wyoming in 1903. My information was obtained from records, newspapers, and an interview with a member of the posse who killed him when he and some companions were illegally hunting antelope in forbidden territory. — A. W. S.

Above: Huel Hartgraves, Henry Bass, and Charlie Tippies.

Joe Hardin

According to Bill Hoge who used to edit the *Oolagah Oozings* years ago, Joe Hardin, Wes' brother, was buried in 1912 in the City Cemetery at Oolagah, Oklahoma, home of Will Rogers.

Joe came to Texas on the lam after a fake hanging in the early 1890s. He hired out to local ranchers for some time, then he obtained a job as janitor of the Oolagah school which he held for years.

Many people believed Joe Hardin was hanged by lynching, as was the report, but Bill Hoge says he knew Joe well and helped bury him. I see no reason for him to lie about it and besides it can be proven by the cemetery records. — N.S. Dallison, 200 West Pine, Winnsboro, Texas 75494

Family Souvenirs

I have some pictures of old threshing machines. My father, Julian Lund, worked with a crew in the Dakotas and around Lethbridge, Canada. On the back my mother wrote "Wahpeton, N.D. 1921; Pete Slatten, his wife and little boy Julian, Ardy and Lucy Lund." If any of the Slattens remain, I would like to hear from them.

My father also worked for the Great Northern Railroad. I have photos of old steam engines from Wolf Point and Glasgow, Montana. They must be from around 1917 to 1925. Also some booklets, "Schedule for Firemen Helpers and Hostlers," dated 1941 and "On the Road Trouble Shooting" dated 1948.

I have been reading your magazines from the first issue and greatly enjoy each one. — Lucille Wise, 17909 Orange Street, Hesperia, California 92345

Henry Bass

It is my understanding that there was never a picture made of Sam Bass. Shown in this photo, from left to right, are Huel Hartgraves, Henry Bass, and Charlie Tippies. Henry Bass was a relative of Sam Bass — cousin, nephew, son, or just what, I don't know. Perhaps some of your readers can identify him. — William I. Turner, 6615 Briarhaven Dr., Dallas, Texas 75240

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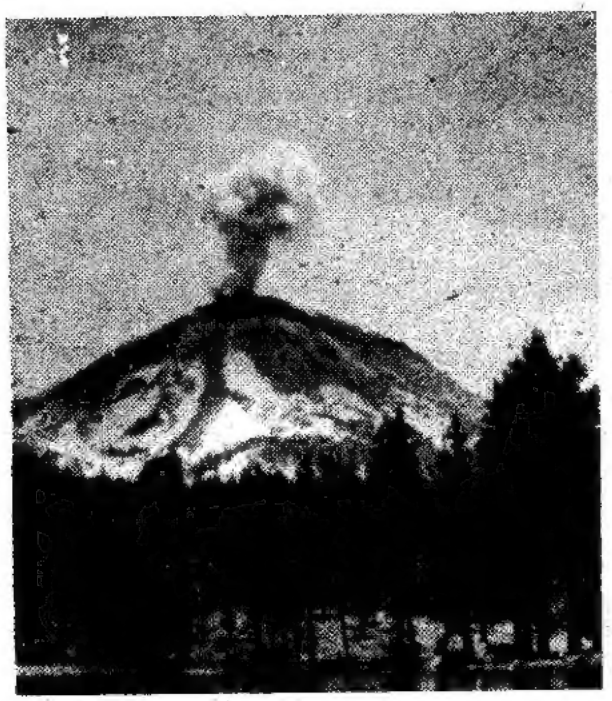

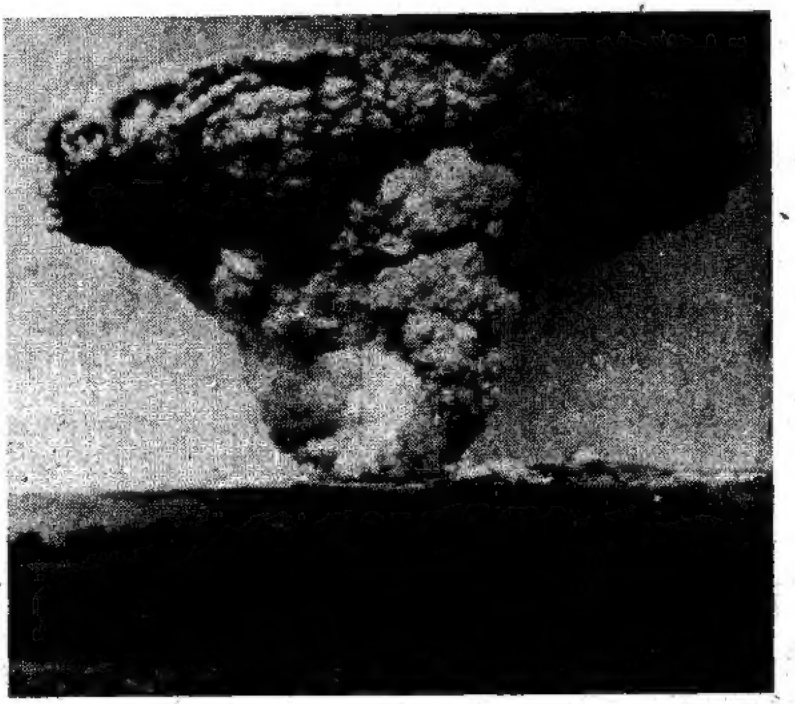

Above: Mt. Lassen in stages of its 1914 eruption. Photos by B.F. Loomis.

Photos provided by author

More on Our Volcanoes

I read with interest "St. Helens in the 1850s" in the October issue, and call attention to the second paragraph on page 57: "I doubt if many of the experts have tried talking first-hand with those who have seen both St. Helens and Lassen in previous eruptions."

When Mt. Lassen erupted on Memorial Day, May 30, 1914, my brother-in-law, Lee Bernard, then twelve years old, was just a few miles away from it. He and B.F. Loomis, a Viola hotel and sawmill operator, were surveying land near the mountain. Lee said they were putting stakes in the ground near an old cattle trail when the rumbling started. He thought it was an earthquake until he saw smoke pouring from the top of the mountain. Lee said Mr. Loomis took a camera and tripod from his car and took pictures before the ash started to come down around them. They drove around to the north slope of the mountain where the rock and ash were pouring so Mr. Loomis could get better pictures.

Lee said when he got back home to Shingletown the family vegetable garden was covered with a thin layer of ash. His father told him never to go up there and look in that hole.

Lee Bernard is now seventy-eight and retired from the California State Highway (Cal-Trans) department some years ago but has remained active doing housing alterations and other helpful things for his neighbors. — Howard F. Steiner, 307 Bluebird Lane, Folsom, California 95630

CCC Vets

I'm looking for information regarding some buddies from Camp Fremont, Co. 4703, Council Grove, Kansas. Our camp was in a unique location. We were located on the old Santa Fe Trail, three miles east of Council Grove. Legend was that our mess hall was built over Boot Hill cemetery.

I'm looking for Marion Dies, "Slim" Shiffner, George Girard, Lloyd Briggs, or any member of Co. 4703. We are forming new Chapters all across the nation but few CCC vets know about it. Vets should write to Civilian Conservation Corps Alumni, 7900 Sudley Road, Suite #418, Manassas, Virginia 22110.

Most veterans vary in age from fifty-five to eighty and ninety years. Some of the older men are veterans of World War I. Most of the younger men were veterans of World War II.

So far, from all the Chapters formed, I haven't met anyone from Camp Fremont. Any information will be appreciated — Emery J. Belanger, 1105 Abbot Avenue, San Gabriel, California 91776

Lost Prize

Now that the hunting season is in full swing, campfire tales are in full swing, too, and this is a true one.

It is kind of upsetting to admit that a shot right between the eyes, dead center of the forehead, was a bad hit, but it was. The Indian who made this shot failed to bring down the young buffalo. No telling exactly how many years passed before the bull, grown old, was finally killed in Jack County, Texas.

Emmitt Berry pumped round after round into the old bull one cold morning in 1885. It was the last of January with a norther shaping up to turn into another blizzard. Many cattle stood to be lost unless they could be driven into the small canyons out of the wind. Even if the stock didn't freeze, they would drift miles before the wind which meant losses just the same. Emmitt Berry and another cowman, A. L. Pease, were checking out the prairie.

Both riders were surprised at the size of this bull along with the fact that he was on their range at all, for it had been over three years since buffalo had been seen in the county, or even those joining north and west. Using their ropes, Pease and Berry tied onto the old bull. They were determined to take their trophy back to ranch headquarters as both felt sure they would be laughed down out-of-hand without positive proof. Besides, this buffalo meant fresh meat!

Their outfit was the beginning of the Cherryholme Ranch, but then it was only a cluster of rude buildings and light corrals located out from old Fort Richardson. It was there that the two men pushed, cursed and dragged the old bull.

John Pitts, long-time foreman for old man Cherryholme, heard about that day from A. L. Pease, one of the last of the open range riders. In 1923 "Al" Pease, old-timer, was still doing

(Continued on page 58)

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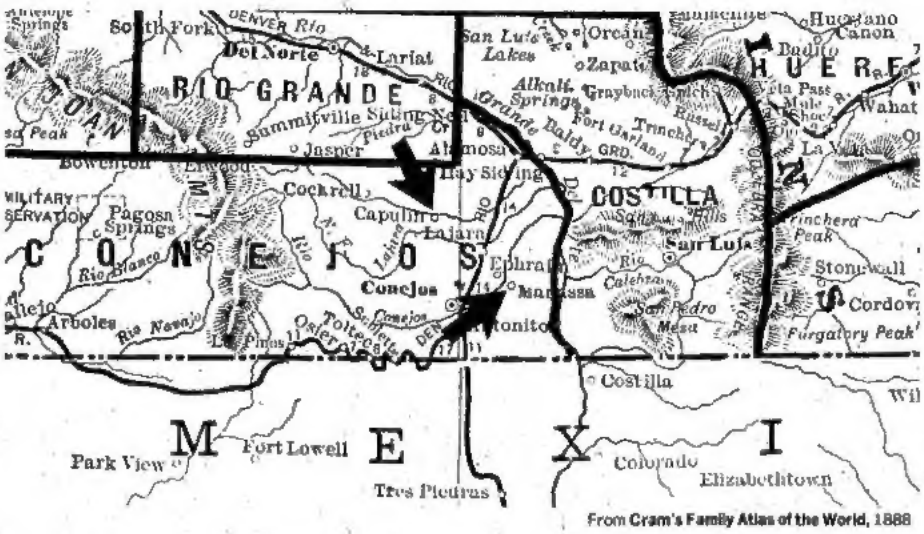
Shown on Colorado map at right are Capulin and Manassa where the Girards worked and lived.


South Fork
Del Norte
Lariat
RIO GRANDE
Summitville Siding
Jasper
Alamosa
Bowenton
Cockrell
Capulin
Lajara
Conejos
Ephraim
Manassa
Arboles
Rio Navajo
Los Pinos
Tolerosa
Costilla
Fort Lowell
Park View
Tres Piedras
Colorado
Elizabethtown
Hooper
Alkali Springs
Graybnch
Fort Garland
Trinchera
Russell
Wahatoya
La Veta
Pass
Mule Shoe
Huerfano Canon
Badito
Trinchera Peak
Stonewall
Cordova
Purgatory Peak
San Luis
San Pedro Mesa
Rio Blanco
Rio Chama
Rio Grande
Rio Conejos
Rio Culebra
Rio Costilla
Rio Los Pinos
Rio Tolerosa
Rio Osier
Rio Cimarron
Rio Salinas
Rio Jaroso
Rio Alamosa
Rio Piedra
Rio Trinchera
Rio Grande
Rio Baldy
Rio Grande
Rio Grande
Rio Grande

Author's photo

Joseph Girard

FINALLY TIRING of the fighting, wandering life he crossed to Rio Arriba where he met and married a young Spanish girl, Maria Vitalia Salazar, in 1868.

At this time they made their home on a hacienda inherited from her father. It was one of the original estates given by the King of Spain to his favorites. Joseph Girard lived at the hacienda until the family of three boys and one daughter were old enough to educate.

Maria Girard had inherited, together with the land, about forty Indian serfs who were dependent upon her bounty. During this period wild Indians often raided the Spanish settlements, killed the cattle, and stole the horses. The Spaniards would pursue them and try to kill them, which many times they did. The small Indian children and babies were distributed among the Spanish families. It may be called slavery.

Grandpa Girard had very little use for Indians. He had fought against and witnessed their deviltry. A dead Indian was a good Indian in his book, and I assume he was not too happy with several dozen of them in the family.

Grandma Maria was a devout Catholic and managed her charges with a rosary in one hand and a whip in the other, not unlike her ancestors who had conquered the land with sword and cross. I never knew her as she died in 1888. They had four children: Sam, who died young; Emile, my father; Lucas; and Hortense.

Grandpa Girard had no great interest in management of property, so at this time the government, trying to break up the huge land grants, purchased the land for a pittance and the money was divided among the heirs. It was known as the Archuleta Land Grant.

Lucas was sent to relatives and Hortense was sent to Loretto, in Denver, for schooling. Grandpa, who had seen a beautiful area in southwestern Colorado that reminded him of his home country, Grenoble, preferred to go there. This mountain home was his for the taking, as at that time they had a law called squatters rights, a type of homesteading, and he moved his headquarters to the ranch in the Canon de La Jara, and took Emile with him.

This ranch was in a canyon, as the name implies, and extended from the box, down for six miles in a valley, with a creek meandering down the center and high cliffs on each side of the canyon. Native and rainbow trout abounded in the creek and game was plentiful in the forests.

Gradually Grandpa managed to get most of the family back together. I do not know what the circumstances were or what different ones were doing.

My father, Emile, had married a self-sufficient and able girl who adapted to life on the ranch.

Cattle were not valuable. We only had them for the milk, cheese, and butter. Grandpa took over the farming. We raised oats, barley, and alfalfa. Mother had a huge garden to supply all the family.

Our home was built of adobe. It was spacious and the first one with a shingle hip roof in the country. The barns were adobe; stables lay adjacent to a meadow with lush grass. The cattle ranged in the meadows and forests. By keeping their calves close in, they would report for duty every day.

We were within a mile of the box canyon. Farther down Uncle Lucas built his home. He built huge corrals, round ones, as wild horses and cattle are likely to kill themselves in a square one. Aunt Hortense still lived in Denver.

IN OUR FAMILY the most loved person, next to our own mother, was Tata, a Ute Indian woman. When Grandma Girard's slaves were freed, Grandpa adopted Tata and Antonio. Tata was a mother to every child we knew, black, red, or white. At that time Mother and Dad lived in Capulin and we children lived in Manassa under Tata's care. The folks came over on weekends in a spring wagon drawn by a team of high-spirited bays named Dick and Ted. Tata had her own living quarters, two separate rooms with breezeway between. One room was the kitchen, the other a bedroom that accommodated any number of kids. We slept on the floor and she always had a big pot of beans in an earthenware pot. She baked the best and biggest loaves

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of bread and made tortillas by the dozen.

She had very strict scruples about sex, as she was a devout Catholic, but she did not know that children were not supposed to smoke or drink. When we later moved to Manassa the Mormon kids assumed that she was our mother or grandmother, as we did not explain the relationship to anyone. The result was that we were classified as Indians or half breeds. When one of the teachers asked me if we were part Indian, I said, "No, my mother is English and Dad is French-Spanish." So she inquired about Tata and I said, "She may be our godmother." This mystified the teacher as the Mormon people do not have "god kin."

The children I played with were "Inditos" and Tata always warned me about them. She said they were not fit society for us as they were savages, but they were my buddies. Their father, Susanno, was a little dried-up man who weighed about ninety pounds soaking wet and the mother was a huge squaw. The bearing of children was natural to her. We dispensed with clothes when we played together although they did not have much to dispense with. When I came home with scratches, and bleeding from numerous cuts received in climbing trees, Tata went to the Indian woman and laid down some rules, but that did not deter me.

Dad had always known the use of boxing gloves and he made us use them to settle arguments. Sometimes my brother Sam and I got pretty rough. My nose was broken most of the time as another argument usually came up before it was healed from the last one. But our knowledge of fist fighting helped us with the local boys. At that time there was a great deal of discrimination among the Mormon, Mexican and Eastern people. We were known as *coyotes* to the Mexican boys, but when they were at odds with us they called us *gringos*. The Mormon boys called us greasers and we evened up the score with both factions. Our knowledge of the gloves gave us a decided advantage and we went to dances, wakes, Penitente rituals, Mormon and Anglo parties, anywhere we pleased. No Anglo ever stepped into a Mexican dance hall, or vice versa, and we got ganged up on and nearly killed a few times, but by degrees (and a few black eyes) our enemies saw the light. I believe that the main reason Dad decided to get a ranch and move to Arizona some years later was so we'd have a place to work off our energy.

THE FAMILY, in those early days, consisted of my mother and father, Uncle Luke, Aunt Hortense, Grandpa Girard, Tata, Nick (an Indian boy Uncle Luke adopted), my sister Chloe, brother Sam and me. There was very little money coming into the family coffers so Dad put his knowledge of cards gained in the mining camps to work.

He had been initiated into the intricacies of the cardboards by an early-time impressario, Steve Elkins. Steve was so adept that no one liked to play with him unless he was wearing boxing gloves. When Dad was twelve years old and losing his weekly wages every Saturday night Steve said, "Frenchy, I will coach you so you can protect yourself." Dad got so good that he could do as well or better than Steve.

Dad brought in the money for staples and Uncle Luke helped Grandpa with the farming. Uncle Luke also kept the family in elk and venison and a fat calf now and then from the mavericks that strayed into the high country without brands.

Aunt Hortense tended to our education. She took us in along with a few neighbor children and taught us "readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic" with the aid of McGuffey's reader. There were no grades. We just advanced, or didn't, according to our abilities. But we were always the best spellers in any schools we later attended.

To help out the family finances, Sam, Nick and I branched out into the *penco* industry. *Pencos* are lambs that are forsaken by their mothers. At that time they were considered worthless as the herders had no time to waste on lambs that brought only fifty cents after a few months anyway. We had milk cows and plenty of milk so we made several troughs out of soft cottonwood and after the first taste of milk the lambs were no problem.

The sheep herders roamed and pastured in the mesas above the cliff area. We would start at daylight on horseback and go from herd to herd. To get the good will of the herders we would take all the trout we could conveniently carry in gunny sacks and dole them out. The herders did not fish or seem to know the technique of fishing with flies which our mother had taught us. Through this public relations program we managed to keep fifty to one hundred lambs going.

My Uncle Joe and Uncle Luke decided to try hog farming about this time. They soaked peas to feed the hogs once a day. The peas were just to keep the hogs reconciled to the premises as most of their main diet came from roots and pasturage. At feeding time, though, when Uncle Luke gave the call, hogs came running from every direction. They were healthy Poland Chinas, gaining weight everyday.

Everything was rosy. The hogs were the best investment up to that time and Dad told Uncle Luke that at the price they were bringing there was no reason why a man could not get wealthy. As I recall, the going price was three cents a pound on the hoof. But sometime that year, either in late spring or summer, something happened. The hogs stopped answering the dinner call.

I'm not sure just what caused it, but that year we had a bumper crop of rattlesnakes. And pigs, it appears, love rattlesnake meat. They would be off in the deep woods chasing snakes with a mania. One sow would tear a snake up and half a dozen other pigs would chase her trying to get a bite. The boars would seek out a snake and let it jab them on the jowls several times before placing their forefeet on it, pulling up and tearing it to pieces. All the other pigs would pounce and run off with pieces. The result was they all lost interest in the soaked peas, spent their time chasing rattlers and got poor as snakes themselves.

A great many of them went wild and were never located again. My uncles rounded up what they could find and put them back on field peas and fattened them in this expensive manner. We did notice after that that the snake population was considerably decreased in our area.

A little later over the San Luis Valley came the great boom. "Peas, Pigs and Prosperity" was the slogan. Poland China and Hampshire hogs were purchased in great numbers and fattened on the San Luis Valley peas. It was a simple operation. The land was sectioned into laterals of fifty feet or so, traversed by ditches, and as the soil was heavy mountain it did not wash away with a large stream of water. Flood irrigation it is called.

In early spring before the weeds got a start, the peas were drilled in, unplowed. The result was thousands of acres of peas that grew luxuriantly to a height of two feet. At an altitude of up to eighty-five hundred feet abundant water flowed from the high mountains. This beautiful basket, surrounded by high mountains, summer crowned with snow, contained the finest mountain soil. The valley plateau is about three hundred miles by seventy with winters cold enough to kill bugs and worms or at least slow them down. Ideal hog climate.

After the peas ripened, some people would mow them and rake them into shocks to be threshed, but we purchased about the number of pigs that would do the work and turned them loose in the fields. Later we acquired a boar and brood sows to raise our own pigs. A Poland China sow with a brood is more dangerous than a bear sow with cubs. When they made a burrow in the pea vines, we detoured a distance of several hundred feet. Sam and

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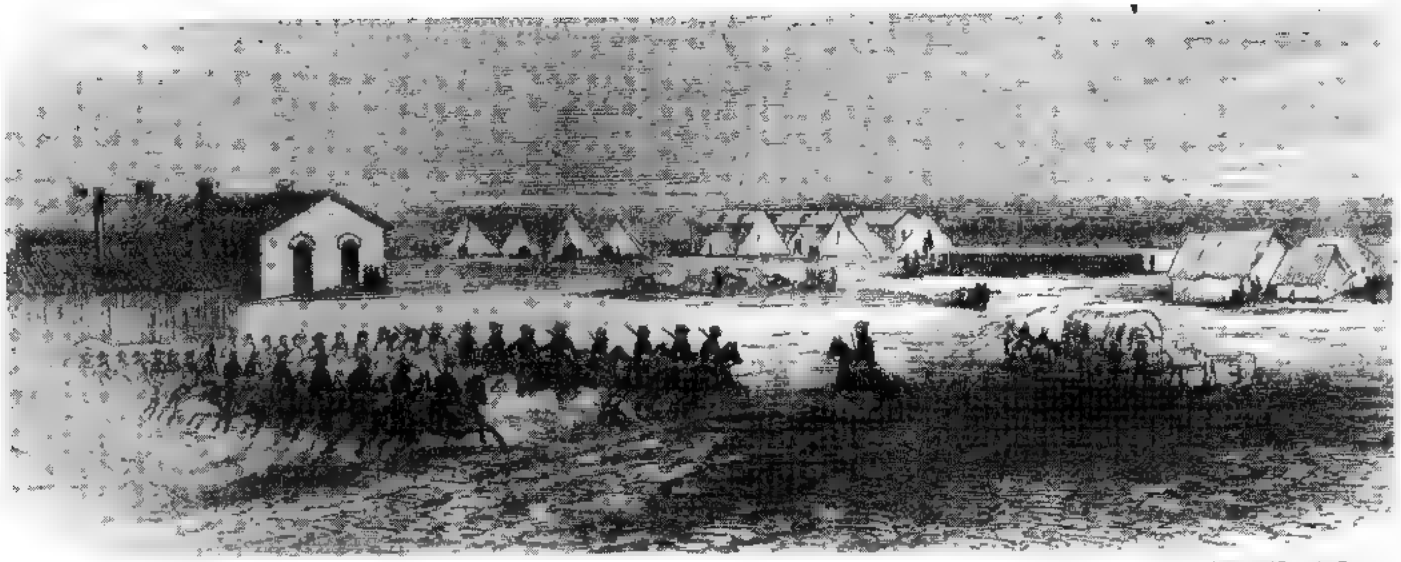

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Fort Wallace, Kansas, 1867, where Joseph Girard served.

I both had scars on our rumps from their sharp teeth. One time I made for a Paige wire fence, and as I reached the top strand the staple pulled out. My rump swung down until it was exactly right for that sow. The sow and I were always unfriendly after that.

Dad said at the unheard-of price of four cents a pound we could get rich. We shipped at La Jara and drove the fat hogs the nine miles to the shipping pens where the Denver and Rio Grande narrow gauge freight picked them up.

WHEN Dad decided to go into business in Capulin he moved the family down from Manassa and went into it in a big way. He first built a large home of adobe with a sloping roof which was an innovation in a town of flat roofs. The house had three or four bedrooms, dining room, front living room or parlor for company and a back parlor or family room with a huge fireplace in the corner big enough to accommodate a log five or six feet long. He also had a lawn in front and a huge garden tract in the rear.

The big house was comfortable and many notables including Billy Adams, the governor, and other state officials looked forward to visiting Dad. There was always plenty of lively conversation, political talk and plenty of refreshments for the visitor.

Dad put in a feed corral which consisted of a big lot fenced with rough-edge lumber, a two-story barn for hay storage and an adequate storehouse for grain. There was a good well with a Myers pump and a huge water trough where ten horses could quench their thirst at one time. He hired an all around hand, Diego Duran, to care for the wants of the traveling public. Old Diego fed the stock and watered them and rubbed down sweaty horses as they arrived at the feed lot.

The ice house was another novelty. It was made of logs and lined with bark from pine trees for insulation. The ice came from the river in five hundred pound blocks. Each layer of ice was insulated against the warm weather with sawdust.

Later Dad built a series of buildings with storefronts made of lumber with signs for each in front. There was a grocery and general merchandise store and a drugstore. Adjacent to the drugstore was a building for the saloon with two pool tables and a bar called the First and Last Chance. It had the only cherry bar in the country and was only opened for company, festive occasions and Sundays when there were church activities. It also did a good business when the cattle ran and lambing time came on in the spring and the fall.

We added another small building for a boot, saddle and shoe shop where old man Chilton made boots and chaps and repaired shoes. None of the businesses were opened to the general public at all times. When I was going to school Dad would attend to most of the business with the help of Uncle Joe and a man by the name of Dan. My job was to see about small details before and after school hours which were nine to four.

I had to sweep out the drugstore and shine up the show cases. I used genuine English gin for the latter job as it was so cheap. The juniper in the gin gave the glass a real sheen. After school I would help in any capacity necessary — ladling out beans, flour or sugar which were all kept in bins. The drugstore had a counter on one side and show cases on the other with a wide aisle in between. We sold every patent medicine available. A great many of the medicines were vermifuge types, made of carrot juice and alcohol. Lydia Pinkham's was in great demand and I remember that women who belonged to the W.T.C.U. showed a preference for it. Morphine was ten cents an ounce, available to anyone, but there was no great call for it.

We sold cocaine and a pint bottle lasted for months, until the Harrison Act was passed. Then everyone was anxious to have a quantity on hand for emergencies and the price went sky high. Instead of aspirin people used to buy a dime's worth of cocaine, rub it on their temples and cover it with stamps from the old Carolina tobacco sacks. There were pink pills for pale people, St. Joseph's Oil, and Mexican Mustang Liniment. Sarsaparilla medicines sold well. They were, I believe, for the blood. Sassafras and asafetida were great for keeping diphtheria, smallpox and measles under control. You put the asafetida in a bag and wore it around your neck. It may not have done much to the diseases but it sure kept people at a distance. Most of the popular cough medicines contained slight amounts of opium and most of the patent medicines were well-laced with alcohol, cocaine or some other soothing drug.

At this time local option was in effect in the county. A prescription was necessary to buy whiskey and we had prescriptions in abundance. Everyone had to sign one to buy the "medicine." I still wonder at the hypocrisy of people. The most radical exponents of the dry laws were our best customers. It seems everyone was against his neighbor's drinking habits, but not his own.

Dad had two good doctors as friends, Dr. D. Scott Schenck and Dr. Baca. Dr. Schenck, a graduate of Cook County Hospital in Chicago, was a truly great surgeon. Dr. Baca was known as one of the best diagnosticians in the state of Colorado. They both were

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fishers and hunters, crack shots and pretty handy storytellers, especially after warming up on a bit of bourbon. When either Doc Baca or Doc Schenck gave a prescription they scribbled it in Latin and then wrote the name or number of a patent medicine under it. These patent medicines usually sold for twenty-five or fifty cents a bottle. But when I received the prescription I would empty half the contents into a new bottle, slap the directions and prescription on it and charge double.

When people needed a doctor, if I called Schenck, he would say, "I don't know what to do for this individual. Get Baca." If the need was for a surgeon, Baca would tell me to get Schenck. Baca was later killed by gun shot and Schenck died a few days after my Dad when they were in their seventies.

WHEN there was a slack period Sam and I used to put in our spare time shagging the stray cattle from the Vallecito to their proper ranges, helping put up the wild timothy hay and in late fall working on threshing crews. One day Charlie Barber asked me to help him at the Dew Drop Inn on Saturdays, so I did and in the course of the operation I ended with a full-time job.

At the hotel where I ate I made the acquaintance of a young man about my age. We hit it off well and talked about hunting and fishing. One day he asked me what I did for a living. I said "I work at the Dew Drop Inn." I never saw him again. He was a preacher and sent my name to the governor, George Carlson, who was an ardent prohibitionist. Barber was ordered to let me out as I was still a minor. With my experience I felt that I had acquired a profession and it certainly paid more than the fifty cents a day I got for pitching hay.

The saloon was opened only for church festivals, as I said and when the cattle ran in the spring. The cattle owners, among them the Braiden Brothers, Dan Newcomb, Bill Neff, Louis Rivers and Billie Adams, would call Dad and say they would be in Capulin on a certain day. Capulin was a rest area for the thousands of cattle that were driven from the San Luis pastures to the Valles, the great grass pastures in the high mountains. The lane or highway from La Jara to Capulin was several hundred feet wide and nine miles long. It would be jammed with the different cattlemen's cattle for the full length. Each owner and his cowboys had charge of the stock.

About five miles from Capulin the lane ended and the cattle would find water and feed. The boys and owners would turn their mounts into the feed corral and Mother with the help of several women would cook for the ones who wanted hot meals. Many of the boys would buy whatever they needed at the grocery store so we usually arranged to get homemade bread and all the necessary articles that they were in the habit of buying.

The saloon had a huge icebox where I would stock several barrels of bottled beer. Whiskey sold for ten cents a drink or three for a quarter. The glasses were set out on the bar and the bottle sent down so each individual could help himself. It was considered a breach of etiquette to pour a man's drink. They were not helpless.

Many of them drank for sociability, putting only a drop in the bottom of the glass. Hardly anyone filled his glass brimful. Beer was drunk out of the bottle which was more sanitary, as many men had long mustaches. Half pints sold for forty cents, saddle-pocket size pints accordingly. The walls were lined with Old Judge slot machines which were not plugged. The percent was equal to any other game of chance that was on the square. If anyone felt like taking a real chance, and they did, we offered roulette, chuck-a-luck, monte and craps. Private poker was played in another part of the saloon.

After their duties were over, the cowboys would come back and celebrate and that was when the interesting situations would arise. Two men would have an argument or make a bet in regard to who was the best buster — arguments and bets amounting to the same thing. When disagreements arose the difficulties would be ironed out in the feedlot. Some of them just fought for the hell of it, though. After the average battle took place I would pump the old Myers up to get a good head of ice cold water and they would dunk their heads under it and then warm up in the warmer water of the trough. Horses seemed to savor the water after one of the boys flavored it up with a little blood.

But in all cases I knew they would shake hands and declare their friendship only to flare up again in an hour or two and have another go. Loftus and Smith were two men who really enjoyed their battles. They would have a go at each other and then challenge someone else. There was always someone willing to satisfy them.

THE general merchandise store was opened when ranchers, sheepmen and farmers came to shop. They could usually find someone to tell them where one of us could be located. Once in awhile they even got me out of school to go and take care of their needs. They would buy by the hundred dollars and we never received any cash. We had a McCaskey Cash Register and each purchase was written up in triplicate, the sum total signed by the buyer. All bills were due and payable in the fall and anyone who failed to pay by the first of the next year was cut off.

And thereby hangs a tale of woe. This custom was successful for many years, but its complete failure was finally due to two vastly different phenomena. The advent of the Ford automobile gave mobility to the younger generation and fueled their subsequent desires for a good time at the expense of their elders. The other problem was Dad's failure to make necessary changes in his merchandising system. At that time prices were based on common sense — two bits was a quarter, four bits, half a dollar and there were no gimmicks like forty-nine cents and ninety-eight cents. Finally people came in and said, "Why do you charge a dollar for this when we can get it for ninety-eight cents in La Jara?" As time went on, conditions worsened and when Dad had to stop the head of a family's credit, the young ones went to Alamosa and other towns and paid cash — instead of paying us what they owed.

Things got worse financially and Dad became involved in politics. So, when interested parties approached him he sold the mercantile, grocery, drug, saloon and feedlot. The buyers were five Russian Jews from St. Louis, Missouri. The firm name was Bernstein, Cwengel, Katz and Kornblatt and I was part of the sale. My job was to help them operate the business until they could go it alone and, incidentally, to teach them English and Spanish. They were recent immigrants from Russia and didn't handle either language any too well.

This was one of the most interesting experiences of my life. Our immediate neighbors were all devout Catholics, more or less fanatically, but these new merchants were Orthodox Jews. They did not believe in Christ or the ever present saints of my people. They prayed at what to me were odd hours and observed a different Sabbath. If there was any work to be done on that day, I was the one to do it. Being just a kid, I couldn't resist testing them, so one Sabbath I set fire to the newspapers we used for a tablecloth. As the papers were soaked in grease, none of us being what you call good housekeepers, a goodly fire was going in no time. The men didn't move. So, rather than see the whole place go up in flames and along with it my job, I was forced to put it out.

They ate kosher and, as I was one of the family, so did I. They drank their tea with lemon and vodka which I did not know was alcoholic. We had it three times a day and during the year I

worked with them I must say I felt pretty good most of the time.

Their business methods were an education for me. The feedlot was turned into a receiving depot and the young men in the company went out in buggies buying and selling any and everything. I usually went along on these trips to act as interpreter. Whatever they purchased was dumped in the feedlot — hides, rubber tires, bottles, bones — you name it.

I picked up the Yiddish and they picked up the English and Spanish. I learned a lot about merchandising but by the end of the year I had learned myself out of a job. They were beginning to bring their children out from St. Louis and some of them were about my age. One of the girls and I got a little too friendly, I guess, because Old Abe told me not to get any ideas as his people stuck to their own. Unfortunately, I already had a few ideas but Abe's suggestion rapidly changed my mind.

While I had been merchandising, Sam had been farming. Dad had financed him. My maternal grandmother, Mary Ann Rutledge, and Uncle Joe and Uncle Lucas had all purchased part of the McCunnif Ranch, and Sam was farming Grandma's land. He was happy to include me in the operation. It was during this time that we got involved with Peas, Pigs and Prosperity, mentioned earlier.

THE MOST knowledge I acquired about Grandpa Girard was gained while we were in Capulin. I find it difficult to write about an individual with such a varied and unusual career as Joseph Girard's. How he survived to the age of eighty-nine is a mystery. From the two duels credited to him, he carried two leaden bullets for the rest of his life. One protruded near the skin on his thigh, another was in his back just underneath the skin. Why they were never cut out I never knew.

He had saber scars on his chest and arms, possibly from practice bouts, and although he did not approve of my brother and me settling arguments with boxing gloves, at least the results were not so permanent.

We never abandoned the canyon ranch, as we used it to range cattle. The whole family had privileges.

Sam, my older brother, Grandpa Girard and I, often batched in the old home and that was where we became acquainted with Grandpa. He did not speak the language easily, so was not inclined to be talkative. He got small kegs of wine from France and we were happy to accommodate him when he offered us a tot. He would reminisce at times.

He learned to play the cornet in the military and also would substitute for the bugler when that individual was unable to do his duty.

He knew how to cook dishes which were unknown to Americans. He prepared eggs in many different ways. There were numerous cottontails one winter and he asked us to bring in about a dozen. He pickled them in wine, spices, and herbs for some time in a wine keg. Sam and I were not accustomed to eating anything that was not put on the fire, but were agreeably surprised at how delicious the little pink cottontails turned out.

He told us about his duel on board ship with a French-Canadian. I believe he received the bullet in his thigh in this engagement. They were playing cards and when a difference of opinion arose, the Canadian challenged him to a duel with pistols. Certain rules, a toss of a coin, decided who shot first. The Canadian won. The men stood back to back, walked thirty paces and turned and fired. The ball hit a caisson and glanced off to strike Grandpa in the thigh. He did not elaborate. He just said, "It was my turn," and evidently he did his work with dispatch.

He told us about an incident when he was stationed at Wallace in Kansas. In a place called Pond Creek he and two companions raised a garden some distance from the fort. A band of Indians attacked them. The three scouts had carbines and managed to keep the Indians at a distance so the arrows had no effect. The problem was the lack of ammunition.

There were many badger burrows so the scouts would fire and run for a burrow. In this manner they ran and fired their way to hearing distance of the fort, and soldiers came to their rescue.

While we batched, Grandpa would go to the village and play cards. On one occasion he had a run-in with a tough Texan and the subject of a duel arose. When Grandpa stated that there was an ideal place under the cottonwoods near the river, the Texan lost his courage.

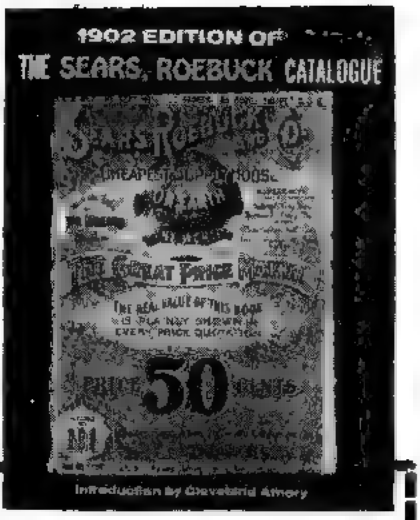
On one fishing trip into the high mountains with Grandpa, my father, mother, and one of her uncles, a man about six feet and two hundred pounds were along. Near the camp Uncle Billy and Dad found a dead pine log, nearly all pitch and ideal for building campfires. They were in the process of loading it on their shoulders when Grandpa Girard said, "Load it on my shoulders."

Dad and Uncle Billy tried to dissuade him and failed. He carried the log more than several hundred yards to the camp. Uncle Billy said, "I would not believe it if I had not witnessed it."

When we lived on the ranch, one of his fingers became infected and he had a ring on it. He went to the doctor and Dr. Hamilton said he would have to amputate it. So Grandpa went home and sharpened up a butcher knife and did the amputating. As luck would have it we had carbolic acid and made a solution to treat it. It healed in a very short time.

At the canyon home our ranch was six miles long. Fences were made to separate the different cattle. People from the valley would go through to get cedar posts and wood. Two men failed to close the gates. Dad and Uncle Luke told them they should close the gates. The men made derogatory remarks and a fracas commenced. Just then, Dad and Uncle Lucas saw Grandpa with a shovel over his shoulder and immediately grabbed their assailants around the waist. The astonished men wanted to know what was going on. Dad said Grandpa had a deadly weapon on his shoulder and Dad did not want to chance the consequences. The two men and Dad patched up their differences and were good friends after that.

The incidents in Grandpa's life are interesting but, as I said, his Spanish and English deficiencies made it difficult for him to describe them. These are only a few of the things I remember about Joseph Girard — soldier, scout, Indian fighter, and all man.



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The LEGACY of a

— a glimpse of Ten Eyck's love for things Western

By LELIA LA VINE QUIHUIS
Photos provided by author

Obituary from the August 2 1922 Billings (Montana) Gazette reproduced through the courtesy of Kathryn Wright and the Publisher

PIONEER ENDS LIFE; SHOOTS SELF IN HEAD

W.B. Ten Eyck, Noted Saddler, Is Found Dead on Courthouse Lawn Sunday Morn.

W.B. TEN EYCK, who for many years was known to the cowboys of the northwest as the maker of Ten Eyck saddles, committed suicide late Saturday evening or early Sunday morning by shooting himself in the head with a .32 caliber revolver. His body was found early Sunday morning by Herman G. Smith, who has known Ten Eyck for the past 40 years, on the southeast corner of the courthouse lawn 10 feet from the corner of the building near a clump of bushes.

Though no definite cause is known that could have led to the old pioneer taking his own life, a number of his friends whom he met Saturday have stated that he acted strangely, bidding them good-by and adding that they would probably never see him again. To one friend he stated that Saturday would probably be his last day on earth. It is known that he had been despondent for some time over financial matters and it is thought that constant brooding over these difficulties led to his suicide.

Had Purchased Shells.

Mr. Smith had risen early Sunday morning to meet a train and after returning home was standing in front of the Smith Taxi Company conversing with those in charge there when he noticed the body lying on the courthouse lawn near some bushes. He remarked during the conversation that someone was taking an early morning nap but on closer observation saw that the body was lying in a peculiarly crumpled position. An examination was made at once which brought to light the fact of the suicide.

He had evidently prepared with some care for his final act, for the gun was fully loaded and another cartridge was found in his pocket. The revolver was found sticking upright in the soft dirt on the lawn and the box in which he had evidently carried it was found at his feet. It could not be ascertained where he purchased or borrowed the revolver but it is known that he purchased the cartridges from a Montana Avenue store Saturday afternoon.

Shop Was Gathering Place.

Probably no other name was so well known to the stockmen of early Montana as Ten Eyck. His old harness store on Montana Avenue between North Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh Streets was the meeting place of many of the early-day cattle raisers who came to town to replenish their supplies. At one time his saddles were known to literally thousands of cowboys, and he kept 15 men busy in the saddlery department alone. Not only was he well known to stockmen and cowboys but many a man grown to manhood in Billings still remembers the Ten Eyck saddle and harness shop where they spent many hours admiring the finished products on display there.

For a number of years Mr. Ten Eyck had not been actively engaged in any business. After leaving Billings it is known that he worked for a time in Cheyenne. Later he lived for a time in the Masonic home at Helena and the Elks home in Georgia, being a member of both these organizations.

William Burgen Ten Eyck was born in Lumber City, Pa., April 30, 1858. He first came to Billings in the later eighties and engaged in business on the south side, starting a small harness and saddle shop in that section of town. Later he moved his shop over to the Montana Avenue location where he branched out and became an outfitting center for all ranches in this section of the West.

Was In Maverick Company

He was a charter member of the Old Maverick Hose Company, Billings' original firefighting company, and there are still a number of pioneers in Billings who remember that company. Some of the charter members are still living. Besides Ten Eyck, other members of this company which was organized Jan. 14, 1889, included Harry Beal, Charles Sawyer, Robert Matheson, Jack Bond, C.C. Brown, G.A. Griggs, C.C. Bowden, W.B. George, Garrett Swift, M.B. Rademaker, F.L. Mann, J.C. Stoffek, John Idelman, Gerald Panton, Dr. B.B. Scott, U.E. Frizella, Alex Graham, and W.E. Eller.

Mr. Ten Eyck was well known to the Crow Indians and he considered many of them his closest friends. Whenever they came to town they would sooner or later congregate at his store and often when they found it necessary to remain in town he would turn his establishment over to them for the night. This was considered by the people of that time a risky venture but Ten Eyck placed implicit trust in his Indian friends and in return for his friendship and respect they placed their affairs in his hands with full confidence. He spoke the Crow language fluently and the Indians bestowed on him an Indian name, "Broken Face," their method of describing the deep furrowed lines in his face.

Membership of Masonic Lodge.

Mr. Ten Eyck was a member of the Ashlar lodge No. 29, A.F. & A.M., of Billings, being initiated into that organization April 21, 1894. His wife died a number of years ago, but he is survived by two daughters, one of which, Mrs. Bess Franklin, is living in El Monte, Cal. The present address of the other daughter, Ollie, could not be ascertained Sunday evening.

The body was taken to Smith's funeral home and funeral arrangements are pending, awaiting arrival of word from Mrs. Franklin who was notified as soon as the tragedy was discovered.

FRIENDS PAY LAST TRIBUTE TO LATE "BILLY" TEN EYCK

A large gathering of friends and acquaintances paid the last tributes to the memory of W.B. "Billy" Ten Eyck at the funeral services held Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock at Smith's funeral chapel. The rites were in charge of Ashlar Lodge No. 29, A.F. & A.M.

The Masonic ritual under the direction of Worshipful Master William J. Jameson, Jr., was given at the services. Mrs. Ellen Swearingen sang "Count Your Blessings" and "Crossing the Bar." The Masonic committal rites were given at the grave in Mountview cemetery.

In honor of Mr. Ten Eyck's services as a charter member of the old Maverick volunteer fire department, one of the city fire trucks was used to convey the casket to the cemetery. The pallbearers were also all members of the old Maverick Hose Company as well as of the Masonic fraternity. They were W.E. Baker, Robert Leavens, George M. Hays, Val Lechner, W.M. Johnston and V.H. Steele.

Mr. Ten Eyck shot himself Sunday morning while in a despondent mood over ill health and financial difficulties. Of recent months he had spent most of his time at the Phelps ranch near Pryor. Mr. Ten Eyck in the days when the cattle business was most flourishing built up a large saddlery and harness establishment here which had a wide reputation in Wyoming and Montana. The Ten Eyck saddle was known for its superior workmanship and many of them are still in service. Financial reverses and the decline of the business left Mr. Ten Eyck with little means in recent years.

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SADDLE MAKER

SEVERAL YEARS AGO in California, I purchased a magnificent assortment of items which William B. Ten Eyck had acquired in Montana Territory and elsewhere over a period of many years. Cecil B. De Mille bought a few things from the collection but the rest was sold to me by Ten Eyck's elderly daughter. My great-grandfather was U.S. Senator William M. Gwin, whose daughter Fanny married Grandfather Frank La Vigne, a Frenchman. (Grandfather later dropped the "g" in his name.)

According to Ten Eyck family sources and from what I've been able to learn from others, the key to the Hollander's success in accumulating the artifacts from Montana's territorial days lay in his trade as saddlemaker and farrier.

"Bill," as he became familiarly known, set up shop in a small space in Billings as soon as he arrived in that frontier town. Soon he was doing fancy tooling on the saddles of Indians as well as those of white men. Crow Indians traded pelts for the saddles, and Bill sold the pelts for good prices.

Within a year he had learned the Crow language, and had become a friend to other tribes in the Territory. When Secretary Lane of Billings needed someone to act as interpreter for the River Crows, Bill got the assignment. He often entertained such noted Indian chiefs as Two Leggings of the River Crows and Two Moons of the Northern Cheyennes.

Money came in fast, and what with his farrier business, his saddlery and his job as acting interpreter, Bill was a very busy young man. William Ten Eyck had found his "home." He married a Billings girl, settled down, and began a long career of successfully combining a business and a hobby.

The magnificent handiwork of the Indians fascinated him. Bill had so many friends among them that he acquired the very finest baskets, mountain goat-horn ladles, moccasins, leggings, beaded vests, fetishes, scalping knives, trade beads, arrows, peace pipes, war regalia, bear-claw necklaces, tobacco pouches, war clubs, rabbit sticks, beaded guantlets, dolls, baby boards, pottery, even the rare cornhusk water bags of the Nez Perce.

Among the water bags was one supposedly carried by Sacajawea, the young Shoshone girl who traveled with Lewis and Clark across the Rocky Mountains. According to family tradition Sacajawea had traded a parfleche (a basket for carrying war regalia) for the water bag.

It, as well as the twenty other water bags Ten Eyck owned, is made of bear grass intertwined with cornhusks. The colors are unbelievable — reds, greens, blues, and mulberry (all dyed with roots and berries).

Below: William B. Ten Eyck; Rice & Koehler (Photographers), Great Falls, Montana.

AMONG the dozens of rare, historical and interesting memorabilia is a "Bounty Dollar" found on a trail along the Little Big Horn River by Ten Eyck in 1890. The infamous coin is dated 1876, and reads as follows: "One Dead Buffalo" — "One Dead Indian."

As Ten Eyck sat at the bedside of a dying chief one time, he was given a "Peace Dollar" that had been awarded his Indian friend for efforts to bring about harmony with the white man. Ten Eyck wrote in a journal, "He went to his peace, and I have the Peace Medal — life is indeed strange."

Above: William B. Ten Eyck, packed and ready for a trip into the Pryor Mountains of Montana in 1914.

Dates given me of his arrival in Billings do not agree with the newspaper obituary; I have been told that Ten Eyck was a friend of two Custer scouts, Bloody Knife and Curly — and that when the day of the massacre came on June 25, 1876, some Northern Cheyennes and Sioux (as well as the two scouts) were wearing hand-tooled ammunition belts made by William B. Ten Eyck.

I have the leather belt of Curly with ten of the original shells still in place, but green with age. The words incised deeply into the leather reads: William B. Ten Eyck — Montana Territory.

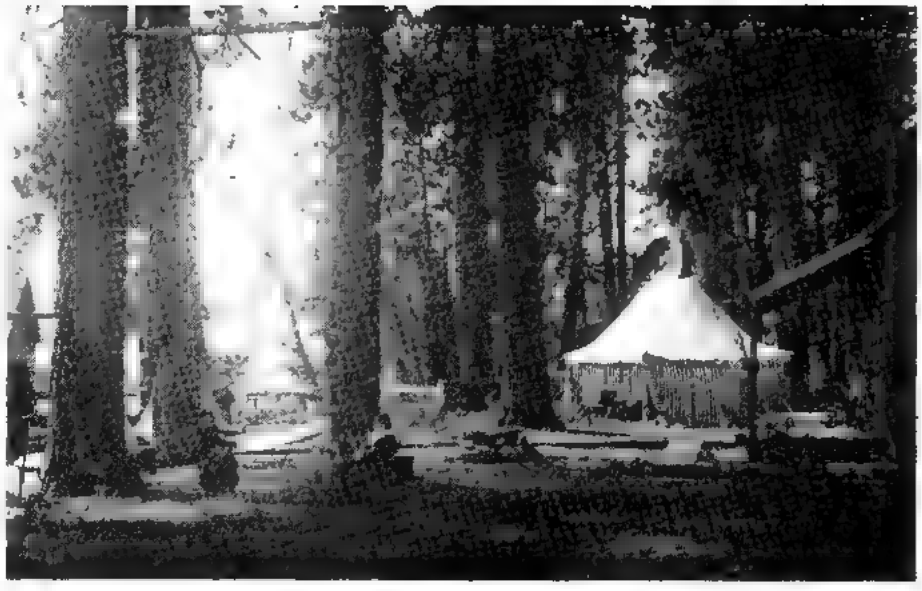
I also have the Diary of Curly, the Crow Scout from Ten Eyck's collection. I quote from the Diary: "General Custer ordered us to dismount. I knew

Below: Four generations of the KEE-NO-PAW family, Ute Indians who were good friends of Ten Eyck's.

that the Cheyenne and the Sioux would stampede our horses, and we would all be killed. I disobeyed his orders, and fled into a coulee, coming in behind the Cheyenne and the Sioux. I killed no man, white nor Indian." This was signed by Curly. Ten Eyck, a month after the massacre, found Curly's ammunition belt where he dropped it in the coulee as he fled from Custer's command.

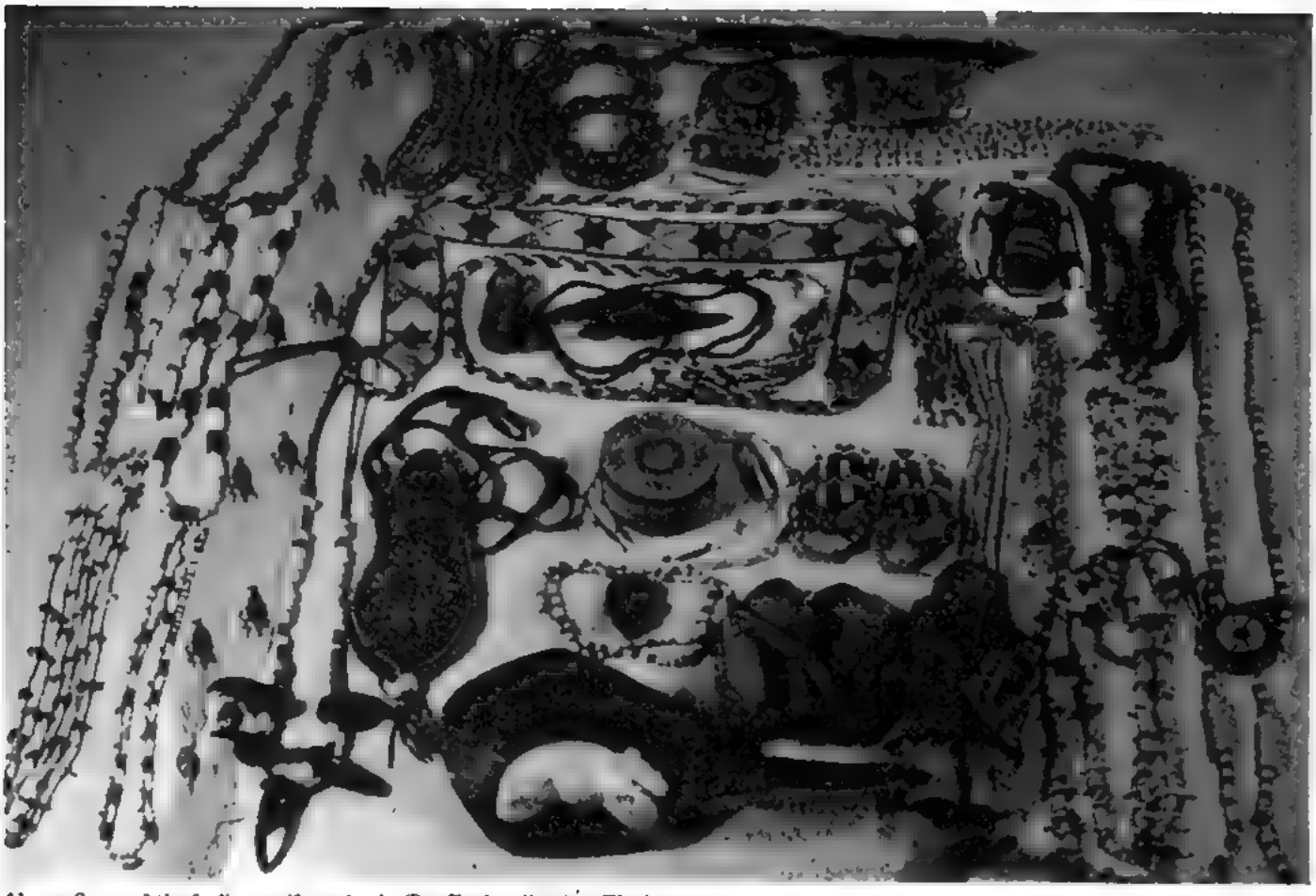
A Mr. Davis, who was a photographer in Billings between 1890 and 1904, took photographs of all of the chiefs, their families, their homes, and every other aspect of their lives. Ten Eyck's collection contains ninety of these original photos. Among the rare ones is an excellent picture of Curly with the caption, "The only survivor of the Custer Massacre."

There is a notation in the back of

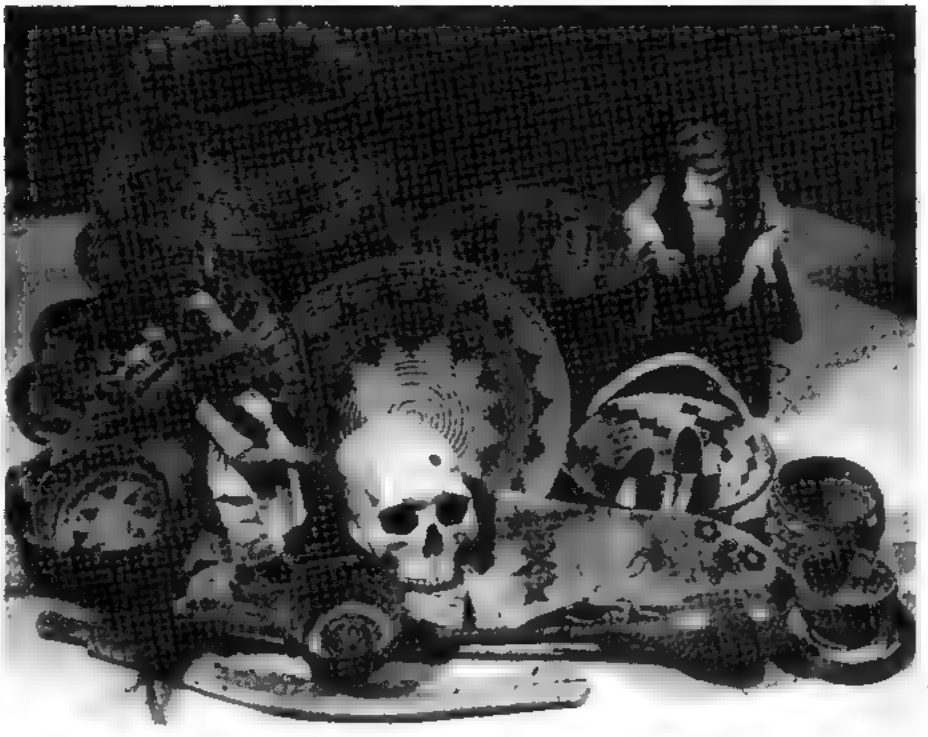


Above: Lake Tahoe, Nevada in 1899, photographed by William B. Ten Eyck. At left: In this F.B. Fiske photo of 1890 is Ten Eyck's friend, Tom Wills, and Little Fawn, a Yanktonian Sioux. Below: A black-powder flintlock pistol owned by Ten Eyck. It was used on the plains of Montana Territory.

Ten Eyck's album, reading, "I have known Curly for many years, and I know the only reason that he was a survivor of the Custer fight is his ability to ride fast. I know he was with Custer in the beginning of that



Above: Some of the Indian artifacts in the Ten Eyck collection. The large, flat, dark piece in center foreground is a ladle fashioned from the horn of a big mountain sheep. Other items include trade beads, pouches, various fetishes, etc. Below: An assortment of Indian dolls. The largest one on far right is a rare Seminole Indian doll.

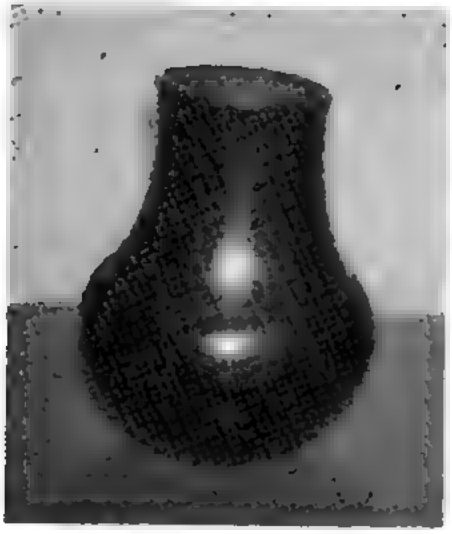


fight." It is signed by the photographer "Davis."

Among other items which have to do with survival are the guns and pistols -- the 1873 Winchester, the 1902 Winchester (a .22 calibre), the flintlock, and several other Long Guns.

During his life in the West, Ten Eyck traveled extensively. He was drawn to Indian country -- Arizona and New Mexico -- where he purchased some of the lovely black-on-black pottery of the world-renowned

Above: More items in the Ten Eyck collection. The largest basket in upper left is an Apache storage basket, formerly owned by Geronimo. Note the skull (with bullet hole) in center foreground, found by Ten Eyck in South Dakota's Black Hills in 1880. Below: Crow Indian summer camp in Montana, 1892. Above (left): A Sioux vest, circa 1879.



Above (left): One of the finest pieces in Ten Eyck's collection. It is a prime example of the black-on-black pottery of the world-renowned Maria. Signed in script, it was purchased by Ten Eyck in 1908. Above (right): Another Lake Tahoe, Nevada photo taken by Ten Eyck in 1880. Below: Comanche Indians butchering a beef, circa 1891. On front of photo: Irwin (photographer); Chickasha, I.T.

Maria and Julien in 1908. These were some of the very first pieces signed by this famous pair.

Here he was also introduced to the divine silver and turquoise heirloom "pawn jewelry" of the Navajo and Zuni tribes. He purchased many Squash Blossom necklaces, and over fifty other examples of exquisite silverware. These became part of his huge collection. William Ten Eyck was a friend to all of the tribes who lived in Montana, Idaho and the Dakotas. He greatly admired the Southwest tribes also, though he did not live among them as long.

Among the less lovely things the Montana saddle maker saved was an Indian skull with the bullet which killed the Indian still embedded. One wonders if Ten Eyck might have known the story of how the tragedy came about. I was told he knew General Custer and despised the General's contempt for the American Indian.

William B. Ten Eyck's feeling for them was vastly different. He accumulated their works of art, their likenesses, their everyday necessities, the homely and the beautiful with equal respect. Obviously he was trying to preserve the outlines of their culture, for even after Ten Eyck fell on hard times he did not dispose of these items to ease the financial difficulties of his latter years.

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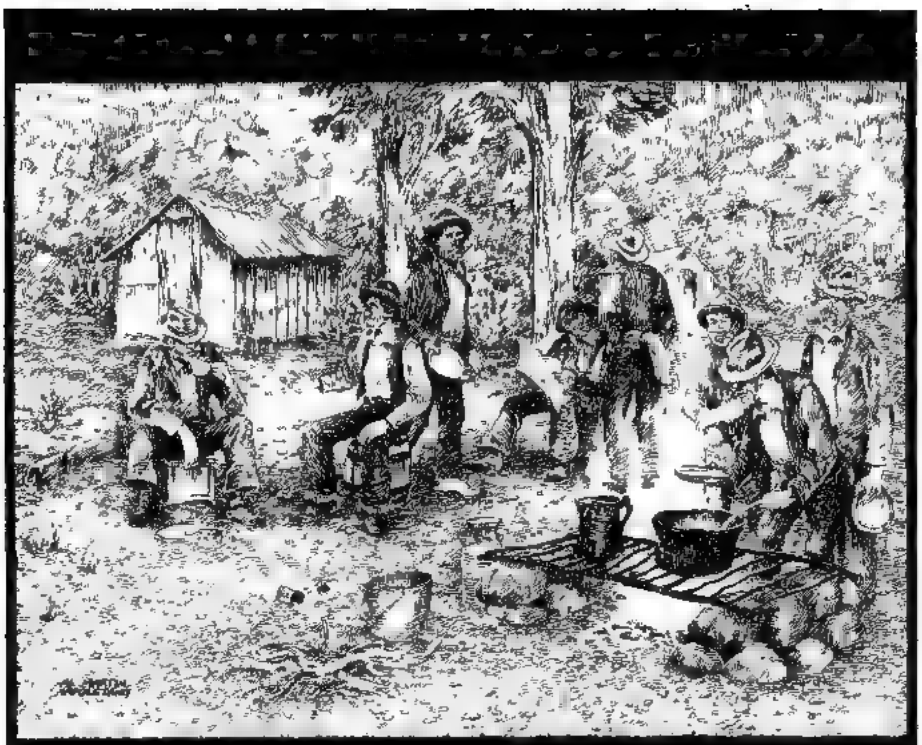


RIDING THE RAILS
WITH HOOD RIVER BLACKIE

HOBO MUSIC

I WONDER how many of you readers who have read my hobo stories in this magazine are aware of the number of songs that have been written about the hobo and his life style. Many songs have been written about the hobo and many songs, of course, have been written about the railroads, and any songs about railroads and railroading will bring back memories to any old hobo who hears them.

For instance the song "Casey Jones," without a doubt the most famous railroad song of all time, is not really about hoboes themselves, but about a railroad engineer who was killed in a train wreck just like it says in the song.

One time many years ago me and my hobo pal Tex Medders grabbed a freight train out of Chicago on the Illinois Central and rode it to Vaughn, Mississippi where Tex showed me the exact spot where Casey had his wreck. It was a switch just outside town, with a siding that ran to the left as you faced south. Here on a spring day in 1900 Casey plowed into the caboose of a freight train that hadn't gotten completely on the siding.

I remember the long-ago day when I stood on that spot. I could picture Casey's big engine roaring out of the north at seventy miles an hour and I sang a few bars about Casey Jones who was a brave engineer. I also recall Tex Medders looking at me and saying, "He might have been a brave engineer but from all I've heard of the wreck and of how it happened, he was also a careless and foolhardy engineer who ignored a brakeman with a lantern, and torpedoes placed on the tracks." Nevertheless the song "Casey Jones" has always meant more to me since I stood on the spot where it happened.

Another famous train wreck which is second only to that one in the fame gained, was "The Wreck of Old Ninety-Seven." This occurred on the Southern Railway just outside Danville, Virginia in 1903. I've ridden over the spot where that wreck occurred but at the time did not know where to locate it. Many times in the hobo jungles I've heard some old hobo singing "Casey Jones" or "The Wreck of Old Ninety-Seven."

"All Around the Water Tank," which I'm sure most of you have heard, is purely hobo as is "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum" and "Hobo Bill's Last Ride"; but in thinking about the hobo and his music, one song stands head and shoulders above the rest. It was written by Harry K. McClintock. Haywire Mack — the sometime hobo, sometime boomer brakeman, and sometimes beer-drinking customer at Jimmy Durkin's old bar in Spokane — immortalized the hobo forevermore with his famous "Big Rock Candy Mountain."

"One fine day in the month of May a burly bum came striding" is a sentence that all of us who were on the road can identify with. Haywire Mack has long passed from the scene but his song will live forever.

JIMMY RODGERS, the singing brakeman, who did in fact work as a brakeman on the Southern, has long been a favorite of the hobo although he died in the early thirties. He sang the blues; he sang about the railroads and the hoboes, and about hard times. The hoboes and wanderers who followed the smoky trail down American railroads could certainly identify with this. Nowadays Country Western singer Johnny Cash is probably the favorite of what few hoboes remain.

If you really want to enjoy Johnny's "Folsom Prison Blues," take a portable tape recorder with you and sit down along the railroad tracks and play it while a big freight thunders around a nearby curve.

Woodie Guthrie was another who sang about the railroads and hoboes. One of my most treasured memories is seeing him leaning against a telephone pole strumming his battered old guitar and singing "The Rambler was a rambling man, he rambles far and wide,"

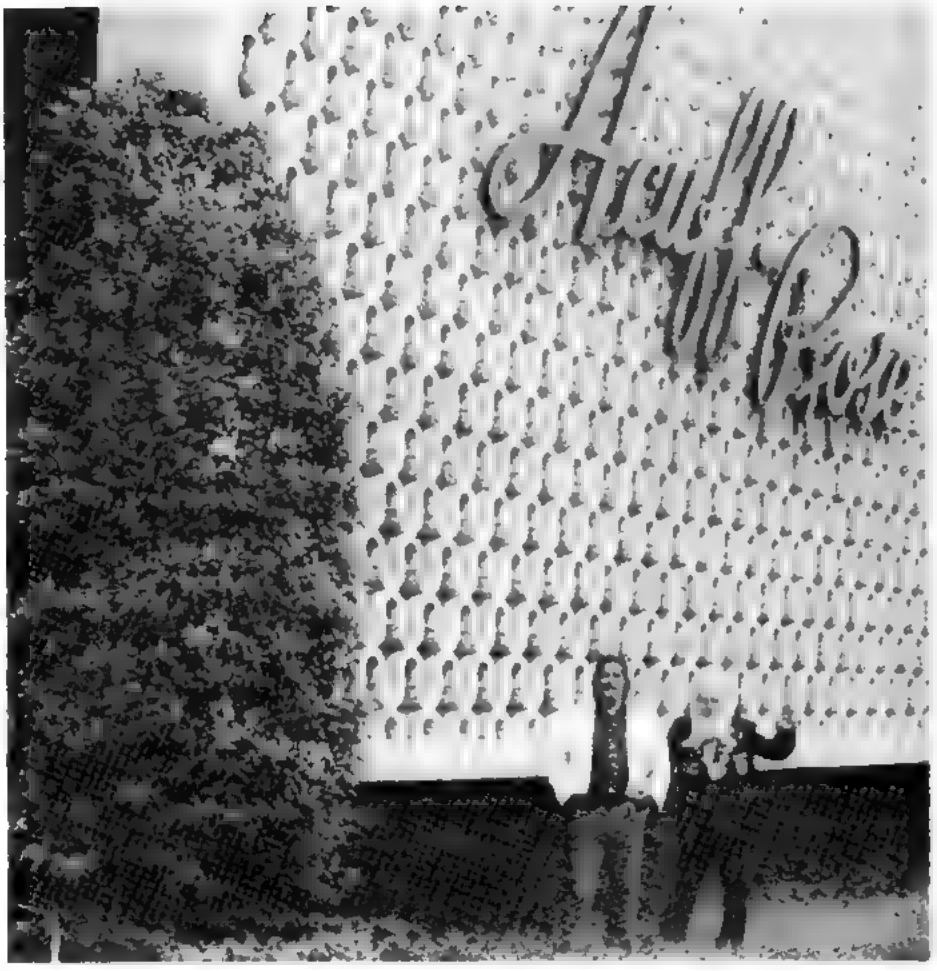
while coffee brewed in a blackened old can on the campfire between us.

Mississippi John Hurt, Leadbelly, Cisco Houston, and many other wandering minstrels sang about the railroads and hoboes as they wandered through the land. Then there were the real hobo musicians like Fiddling John, who rode the freights, worked on the ranches, and carried his old fiddle in a flour sack. And Banjo Dooley, a legendary hobo who would pick a banjo like nobody you have ever heard, and liked to brag about the times him and the immortal Leadbelly passed the hat around and played in some of the dives on Beale Street in Memphis. I would have loved to have heard them.

Years ago there were quite a few hobo musicians traveling around the country, some with a harmonica, a battered old guitar or banjo, and several who would stop and play the piano at any bar that had one. They are gone now with one exception. Old Cotton Henery who picks equally well the guitar, banjo, or the mandolin, and sings about as well as anybody you'll ever hear, is still riding the rails somewhere in the West. Tape recordings of him I do have, and they are very good.

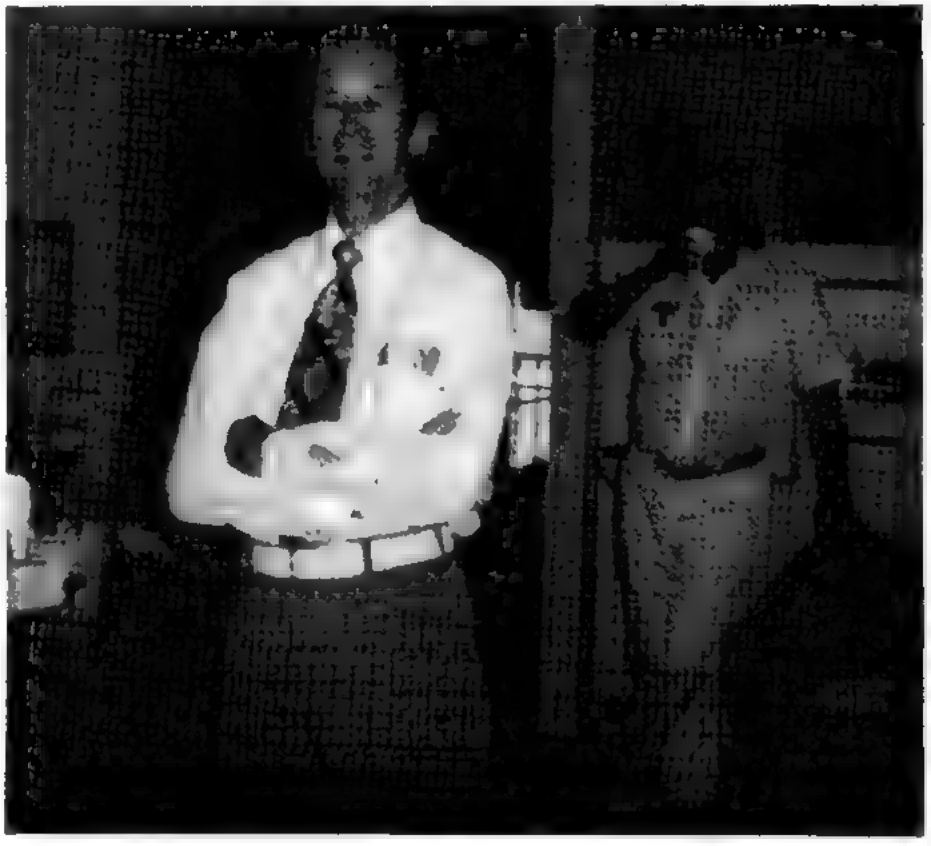
Not long ago I was privileged to spend some time at the Acuff-Rose recording studio in Nashville, Tennessee. I talked with Roy Acuff, the King of Country Music whose recording of "Wabash Cannon Ball" has long been a hobo favorite. I was honored by being allowed to record a thing I wrote myself that is called "A Hobo's Christmas." My hobo song wasn't the only one recorded at Acuff-Rose in recent months. This progressive recording company has completed a session in which some very fine new hobo songs have been recorded, including "Hoboes Have Hearts" and "He Rode the Wind" written by singer and song writer Kallie Jean. Also "I Can't Find a Train" written by song writer Terry Smith of Nashville and recorded by Mr. Grand Ole Opry himself, Roy Acuff.

The old-time range-riding cowboy has passed from the American scene, yet Country Western artists have kept his music alive. The hobo too is also passing from the scene, but as long as there are recording artists like Johnny Cash, Merle Haggard and Hank Snow and executives in the music industry like Roy Acuff, Jr. of Acuff-Rose and Mack White of Commercial Records, the music of the hobo will live on. Even one hundred years from now, when the last hobo is long gone from the land, a new generation of Americans will hear about "One fine day in the month of May a burly bum came striding."



Photos courtesy Hood River Blackie

Above: Hood River Blackie (left) and Steam Train Graham, "King of the Hoboes," in front of the Acuff-Rose recording studio, Nashville, Tennessee. Below: Roy Acuff at his 75th birthday party. Hood River Blackie is in background.



Lonely, Long-ago Lighthouse Keepers

Like old grizzled prospectors were part of the mountains, these men were part of the sea . . .

By GENEVIEVE H. MILLER
Photos courtesy Bert Kellogg

FROM THE TIME of the settling of Washington Territory, families told tales of shipwrecks, wailing gulls seeking safety from lashing storms, and lonely lighthouse tenders.

Many eerie stories were based on truth, especially those about lighthouse keepers in the extreme northwest where winds are treacherous, craggy islands protrude from the rough water, and beaches make a rocky barrier to land. Often the steep rocky ledges can be climbed only at low tide.

Neah Bay station, now manned by

Below: Dungeness lighthouse keeper William Henry Blake and his wife Mary Ann.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coast Guard personnel housed in buildings built around 1910, has witnessed many tragedies.

The lighthouse on Ediz Hook, in the Straits of Juan de Fuca seventeen miles from British Columbia, is now also Coast Guard operated, but formerly it, too, was a lonely spot in winter when the sea was too rough for rowing to Port Angeles, and the five-mile walk along the "spit" was snow-covered or washed away by strong tides.

Another lighthouse on the Straits guards the Dungeness harbor. For long over a century it has flashed beams of light to warn storm-threatened boats or those caught in a thick fog.

In 1850, before many settlers had arrived at the village they called "False Dungeness," Congress appropriated funds for a lighthouse on the far end of the spit. In December 1857 the light first shone to alert sailors of the long narrow neck of land. Lard oil was the first illuminant. In 1886 kerosene fueled the light, and in 1896 acetelyne was used.

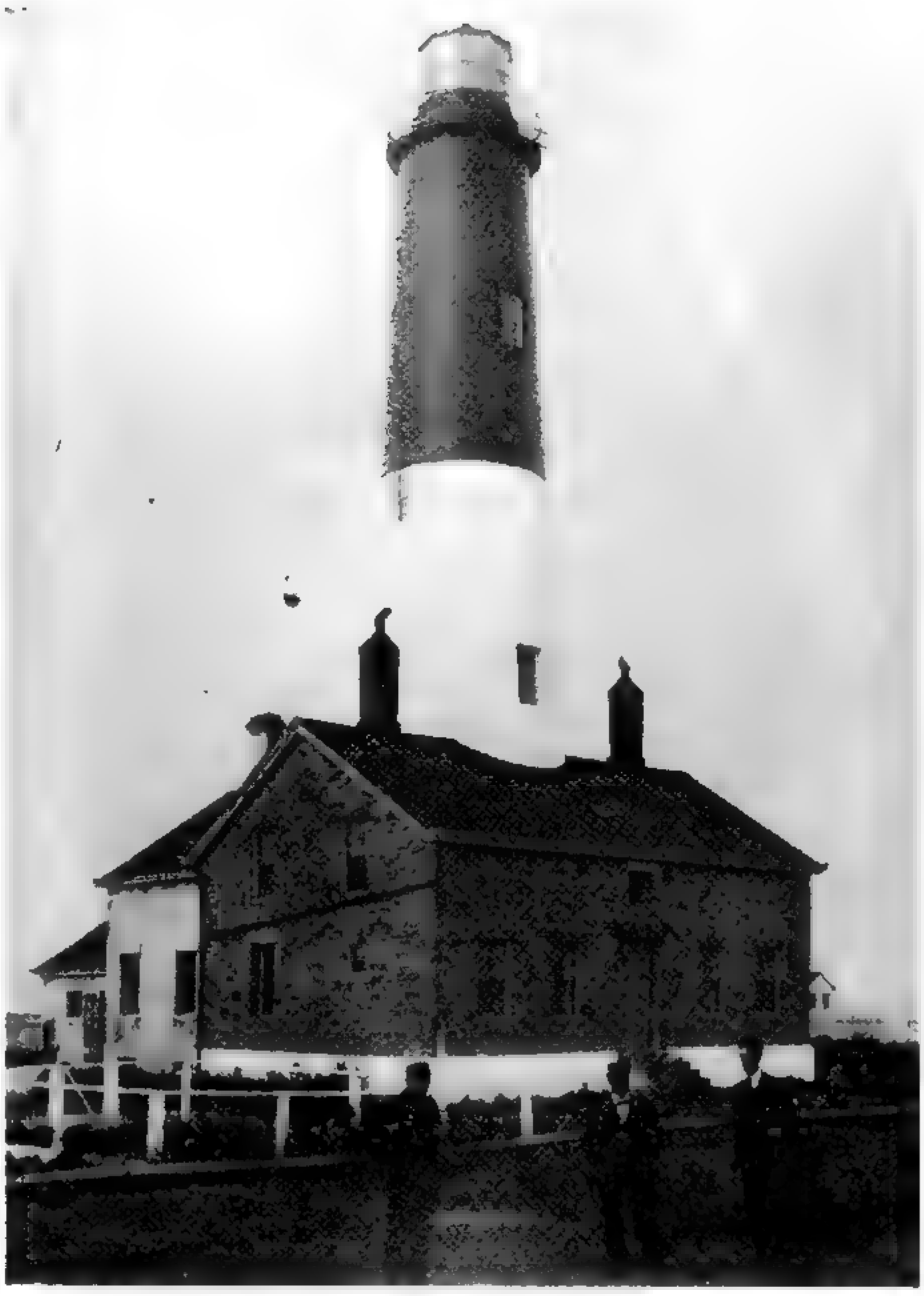
The electric quartz iodine lamp was installed later. Its intricate system of prisms was built in Paris in 1897. The original tower was ninety feet high, but when a dangerous crack appeared, it was lowered to seventy feet.

The first Dungeness fog signal was a large bell tolled by men pulling on a heavy rope attached to a windlass. To this was fastened a large wheel which helpers had to wind by hand. By midnight it would run down and have to be rewound. This served as a fog warning until the present horn was installed in 1906.

The first Dungeness lighthouse keeper was William Henry Blake who came to Washington Territory when he was twenty. This was a cold and lonely post for a young bachelor, but life cheered up for him after he met the pretty daughter of Richard McDonnell, a settler at the mouth of a nearby creek now named after him.

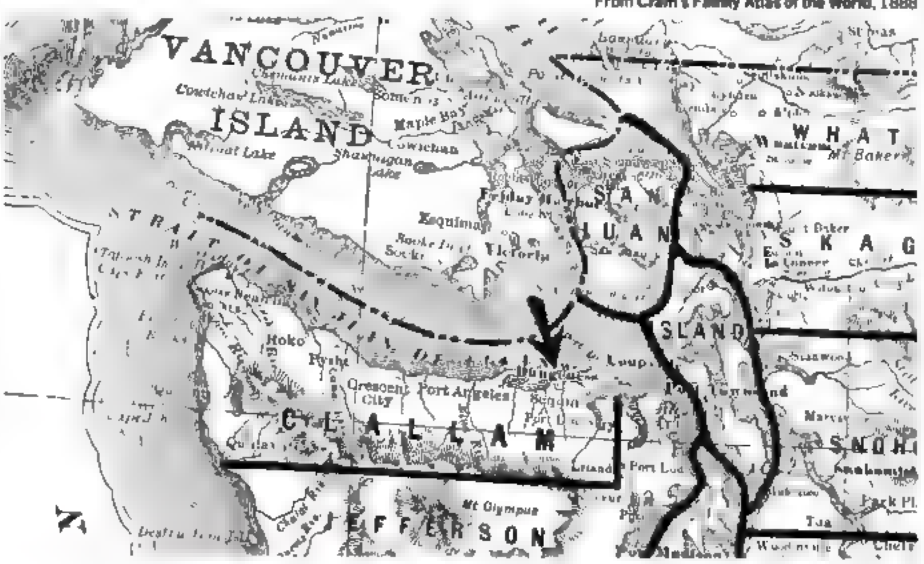
A year after his arrival, Blake, hearing of McDonnell's serious illness, walked the beach at the spit to offer help. With so few attractive girls in the vicinity and young Blake being polite and handsome, a romance quickly developed. In August 1862, shortly before her father died, Mary Ann McDonnell became Blake's bride and her mother afterward moved into the lighthouse with the newlyweds. Blake, aided by his wife, kept the light for ten more years at Dungeness where three of their five children were born.

It was at this lighthouse that the family was shocked to witness, through their telescope, a brutal attack on Canadian Indians by a tribe from near Dungeness. One night in 1868 the family heard screams and



Above: The Dungeness lighthouse. Below: Arrow locates the lighthouse on this 1888 Washington map.

From Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888



saw local Indians hacking through the tent of a British Columbia tribe camped for the night. Blake rushed to the scene and came back to report that apparently all were dead. But later they discovered that one young pregnant girl had escaped. During the early morning hours they heard a knock on the downstairs storeroom door and found the young girl cut and bleeding, having been slashed several times in her abdomen. She had crawled through sand, seaweed and water to their place.

Mary Ann Blake bandaged the girl, who tried to give the Blakes a gold piece hidden in her mouth. They refused it and took her to the home of the Rainey family on the mainland where she remained until authorities could return her to British Columbia.

Several years ago Aline Christensen, whose father-in-law was the lighthouse keeper, told me the story and its aftermath. Her husband Richard, then a small boy, remembered the tragedy. He said that years later an old settler was sitting outside a Dungeness tavern when a stalwart young Indian suddenly appeared in a canoe, scanned the water, stared toward the lighthouse, then asked, "You hear about Indian killing long ago?" The settler assured him that everyone around there had heard the gory tale. The Indian then asked, "Hear about Indian girl big to bust with baby? Girl who came to lighthouse for help?" When the old man nodded yes again, the Indian stood up straight and said proudly, "I that baby!"

Other keepers succeeded Blake and in 1920 a sheep owner purchased the base of the spit and used it as grazing land for a few years.

Old-timers tell of one tender at Dungeness who was so immaculate he insisted on visitors removing their shoes before walking across his spotless floors. Under his loving polishing, the prism lamp gleamed like a many sided jewel. In 1903 the lighthouse service was transferred to the Department of Commerce; then in 1935 the Coast Guard took over this duty. In 1976 the automatic light was installed which is monitored by the Coast Guard from Mt. Constitution on Orcas Island in the San Juan group.

DUNGENESS LIGHTHOUSE wasn't as isolated as one in the extreme northwest of Washington. Probably the loneliest stint as tender was that of the keeper at Tatoosh, a steep-sided rocky island. One can easily imagine the misery of living there in 1847, cut off from the world, in a desolate spot raked by harsh winds and pelted by rains measuring up to 150 inches a year.

But in the mid-1800s government jobs were greatly prized. At least they offered food and shelter and a chance to put aside money for a homestead and tools. The first Tatoosh lighthouse keeper, George Gerrish, was succeeded by William Winson in 1860. After his removal, G.K. Smith was said to have let the place go to ruin. Once the light remained dark for an entire night. A complaint to the Lighthouse Board stated, "This lighthouse should be occupied by a family, no longer at the mercy of rollicking bachelors with their whiskey and squaws."

After G.K. Smith's dismissal another bachelor, Alexander Sampson, succeeded him, but he was entirely different, being efficient and likeable. Sampson, born in Duxbury, Massachusetts in 1802, sailed his sloop into Port Angeles harbor in 1856 and proceeded to settle on a 320-acre donation claim there. Indians who had a burial ground near Sampson's homestead resented his living so close by and a number of them boarded his ship once in an attempt to frighten him away. Their Chief Norman quickly persuaded them to cease hostilities.

Because of Sampson's fondness for the sea and ships, he secured the post at Tatoosh, spending his leaves of absence from the lighthouse at his homestead at Port Angeles. Living with him there was an old shipmate, Jack Dunn. They spent their "happy hours" with a bucket of hard candy, a wooden box of soda crackers, and a wheel of cheese as a foundation for great quantities of rum. After a lengthy drinking bout Captain Sampson would run back and forth over his veranda shouting commands to his mate. If not obeyed immediately Sampson would roar in his loudest and saltiest voice, "Who in hell's running this ship?"

One day the captain found his old mate in a chair on the veranda, dead. For some time after that, Sampson's only friend in the remote Tatoosh station was Prince, his three-footed Shepherd, also called Shuwah.

Halibut-fishing Indians, camped on the beach beneath the rocky island, had left to pick hops near Tacoma and had deserted the dog. When Sampson, who always inspected the huts after the Indians departed, found the flea-infested, emaciated mongrel he took it home, bathed and fed it, then fixed it a bed in a cracker box in the woodshed. "Shuwah" he named the grateful animal. Fearing that Shuwah might be frightened alone in the dark shed, Sampson left a lighted ship's lantern beside its bed. The devoted Shuwah became great company for the lonely light tender.

Port Angeles lighthouse, 1890.

Tatoosh Island lighthouse. Halibut fishermen are on the shore.

Had those hostile Indians near Sampson's homestead in town have known of Sampson's kindness for all creatures, and especially for their race, they would never have threatened him.

One incident which proved his sympathy occurred when the small son of a Makah woman fell into a cavern on Tatoosh Island and drowned. Sampson built a small casket which he lined with flannel and gave it to the bereaved mother. When the tide went out she carried the small box to a protected spot on North Island for burial. In the casket she placed some $20 gold pieces given her by her fisherman husband who had been lost on a recent whale hunt. When Sampson heard rumors that one of his former assistants was trying to find the grave to steal the gold pieces he sent out word that anyone molesting that, or any other Indian grave, would be dishonorably discharged from government service.

Though Sampson went on "benders" while on vacation, he allowed no liquor on Tatoosh Island. Later his loneliness was assuaged when a new assistant brought his family to the Island and allowed Sampson to board with them. Sampson taught the wife how to make plum duff and fix corned beef in various ways. Sampson sat at the head of the table and served the family with great dignity.

From 1884 to '89 three head of cattle lived on the small island. One night Dick, the bull, charged the white-washed wooden fence, making a fierce racket which woke the entire household. Captain Sampson, in his long underwear, arose from bed and, pulled on felt carpet slippers and a knee-length great coat. After he fired a round of birdshot into Dick's haunches, quiet reigned and everyone slept. That Christmas the Captain presented Phoebe, the old cow, with a box of apples. Such small incidents may seem immaterial but very little is known of the early lighthouse keepers' daily life. They are now just names in history to other than their descendants. Even the kerosene lamps have gone the way of the horse and wagon.

Few remember the spinster daughter of a former lighthouse keeper on Ediz Hook, who later took over her father's duties; nor Captain Sampson with his dog, Prince, and his kindness to the Indians; nor the recently arrived Port Angeles woman who complained about the Ediz Hook fog horn with, "That darned old cow bawling kept me awake all night!"

Some old-timers, though, recall hiking to the lighthouse area for a picnic or beach barbecue. A pass is now required to enter that area as it belongs to the U.S. Coast Guard which, with its helicopters, performs many rescues on land and sea.

Though automation has taken the romance from old lighthouses, the imaginative can read about and picture their history. When thick fog settles around Dungeness, Ediz Hook, or Tatoosh Island, making the masts of passing ships resemble the spires of castles — then it is easy to realize what those lonely lighthouse keepers meant to seafarers threading their way along a strange and perilous coast.

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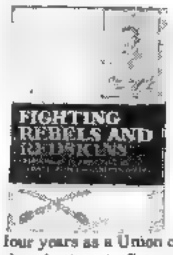

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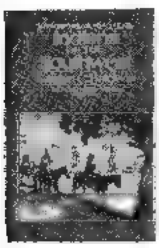

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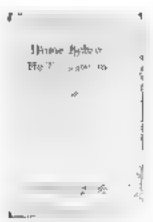

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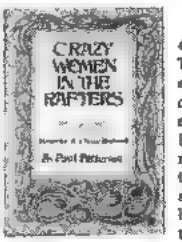

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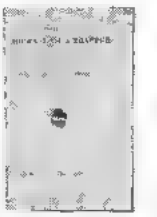

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A WOLF IS ALWAYS A
You don't think so? Read on...

By ERNESTINE CHESSER WILLIAMS
Photos provided by author

A KILLER was running loose! Ranchers on the upper Felix Creek and Penasco Valley in southwestern Chaves County, New Mexico, were suffering losses in their herds. Sheep were killed and carcasses were scattered along slopes and down in canyons. They thought a coyote was doing the killing until they found the remains of calves that had been mercilessly mangled.

"A lobo," they said, "a timber wolf." It was incredible. There hadn't been a lobo in that area in years and years but the evidence was unmistakable. It must have come down from the Sacramento Mountains, the Cloudcroft area. Wolves may hunt in packs or separately. Evidence indicated this was a single.

Henry York, from the Penasco Valley, was riding horseback along Felix Creek when he discovered a den under a rocky ledge. He tied his nervous horse to the nearest scrub cedar and examined the entrance to the den more closely. He found tracks, the same as were found near the dead calves, lobo tracks.

In the den was one little lobo pup which appeared to be only a few weeks old. The pup scurried to the back of the den but Henry reached in and caught it. He wrapped it in his slicker and held it in his arms. The horse snorted and quivered as Henry brought the pup near but, being a skilled horseman, he mounted and rode several miles carrying the lobo pup.

In the early nineteen hundreds, the mountain community of Elk, New Mexico, boasted of a resident doctor — Dr. Lucien Griggs Rice. Dr. Rice, native of Kentucky, attended Cornell Medical School, interned at Bellevue Hospital in New York City, then went "West" to seek a more healthful climate. Bernard Cleve, rancher and storekeeper at Elk, New Mexico, pro-

The Elk Store in Elk, New Mexico, 1906. Behind the counter is Bud Cleve who provided lodging for Dr. Rice. Photo courtesy Bud's daughter, Dorothy Cleve Norton. She says: "I shall always remember the wolf he (Dr. Rice) kept chained and the terror when the wolf howled and opened wide his mouth at us or anyone approaching. We, as children, were never allowed inside the chain linked fence."

Jesse Bates of Elk supplied the photograph above of his great-uncle, Henry York (standing). York found the lobo pup and gave it to Dr. Rice. The man seated is identified as Pendergrass. The two cowboys were in Las Vegas, New Mexico in 1905 on a cattle drive when photo was taken.

WOLF!

vided Dr. Rice with an office and living quarters.

The doctor, an animal lover, enjoyed the company of his dogs when he made house calls on horseback. Henry York stopped by the doctor's office and gave him the female lobo pup. Dr. Rice cared for it religiously. The neighbors said he gave the same diligent care to his animals that he gave to his patients. But even though he treated the pup kindly, she never became quite tame. She was shy with people and snarled and snapped at his dogs.

When she was old enough, Dr. Rice took her to Cloudcroft to be bred to a Russian wolfhound. In due time she gave birth to a litter of puppies.

Down the Penasco Creek about three miles below Elk was the Williams ranch. The youngest Williams child, at that time, was born in the old log house with Dr. Rice attending. The Williamses were devoted to the doctor and named their baby for him, Lucien Rice Williams, nicknaming him "Doc."

WHEN Doc was about four years old, the doctor favored him with a gift of a half-breed male lobo pup. Doc cuddled, loved and played with his pet which was allowed to run loose about the ranch.

It was springtime. Doc's mother put an old hen with several baby chicks in a coop. Every day she noticed one or two of the chicks were missing. One day she saw Doc's pup lying beside the coop. Every time a chick slipped between the slats of the coop, the pup grabbed it and ate it. The lobo had to go. Doc's father returned the pup to Dr. Rice.

Dr. Rice was still intrigued with his half-breeds so he made a cage for the pup and sent him on the mail-hack to Artesia where he boarded the train and was delivered to a man in St. Louis, Missouri who had a dog kennel. The new owner was delighted with this addition to his collection of dogs.

The pup grew to the full size of a North American wolf. He stood about twenty-six inches high at the shoulders and weighed over a hundred pounds. His brownish-gray winter coat was long, shaggy and coarse — well adapted to stand the storms. His long nose, deep set eyes, curled lips, threatening fangs, and ill disposition

Dr. Lucien Gripps Rice with his pet lobo and her pups. Photo courtesy Dr. L.G. Rice, Jr. The author's brother-in-law, Lucien Rice Williams, was the child to whom Dr. Rice gave a half-lobo pup.

were characteristics of his mother.

A few months later, the half-lobo killed two of his master's fine dogs. Again, the lobo had to go, and was given to the St. Louis City Zoo, where he paced his cage and snarled and growled at all who came near. The zoo keepers feared him and kept their distance. Any tendency he might have had toward becoming domesticated was long since gone.

At night he howled and howled — the cry of a lonely wolf calling for his mate or of a wolf-king calling his pack together. The plaintive howls pierced the air. They became so annoying to those living within hearing distance of the zoo that complaints became numerous. Again he had to go but there was no place left except the open range, and to turn him loose there was unthinkable. He was destroyed.

His sister grew up in Dr. Rice's fenced yard with the dogs. She appeared to have a friendlier disposition than her brother and soon followed the doctor when he made his round on horseback. One day he was summoned to the Cavender place in the Dunken area which was some fifteen miles from Elk. The half-lobo dutifully trotted along behind the doctor all the way and lay down to rest near his horse when he went into the house.

When Dr. Rice returned, she was gone. He called and searched but she didn't come. Finally he rode home with a promise from the Cavenders that they would find her and bring her to him.

Occasionally a rider would think he

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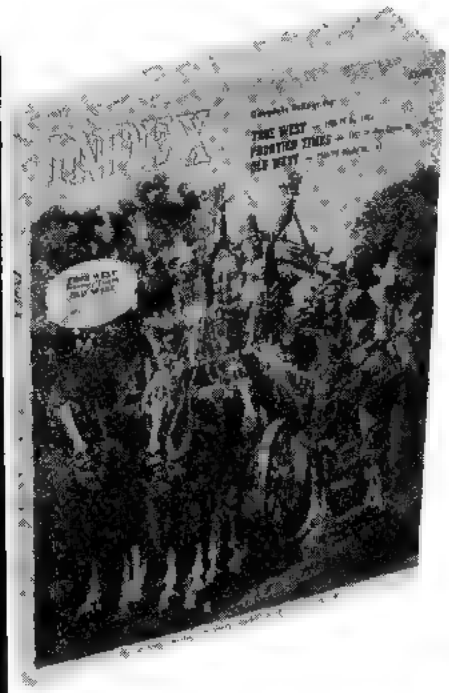

Did you ever get a hankerin' to read every word ever written about Butch Cassidy in *True West*, *Frontier Times* and *Old West*? Even if you've got every issue since 1953, you'd have to do a heap of digging to find what you want. And if you don't have the back issues, you sure don't want to have to buy nearly $1,000 worth of magazines to get the right handful that mention ol' Butch.

Well, we are now ready to take care of those problems for our readers — old and new. After years of cussin' and discussin' the project and months of work by a lot of persistent folks and a pretty dang sharp computer, we've finally got together a complete, comprehensive index for *True West*, *Frontier Times* and *Old West*.

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saw her shaggy, brownish-gray coat at a distance but she never came near the house. She would slink low, nearly to a crawling position and disappear in the tall grass. She was smaller than her mother, the full-blooded lobo and smaller than her half-breed brother but she was just as wary, with every instinct of her wild heritage.

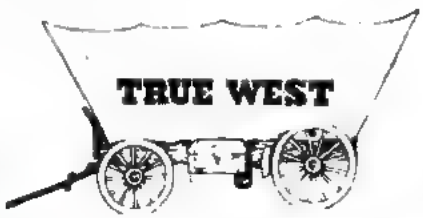
THE DUNKEN area was sheep country. Soon there were reports of lamb losses, then reports of full grown sheep being found with slashes about the neck and throat made by her formidable fangs. She was a predator with all the crafty and cunning ways of her forebears. Her body was lithe and tough and abounding with endurance. She was light of foot and full of speed — a ravenous, merciless, savage killer. She knew the ways of man and avoided his traps with uncanny expertise.

In her wild habitat, it is presumed she mated with a coyote. Her depredations became more intense. Every rancher for miles around carried a rifle on his saddle and was ever on the lookout for her. She gave birth to a den of pups which increased her greediness. She killed and ate gluttonously, then returned to her pups where she regurgitated to feed them.

One day a rider saw her. At first, he tried to follow, hoping to get close enough to shoot. She sank low, nearly dragging her body on the ground as she slunk through the tall grass. As he pressed closer, she jumped and began to run wildly. The rider gave chase, spurring his horse to a dangerous speed as he tore across the land dodging prairie dog holes, jumping crevices, and cutting around cactus and brush in his effort to never lose sight of her.

After several minutes of dangerous maneuvering, he saw her disappear into an old half-dugout that had been abandoned by a nester. He jumped from his heaving, lathered horse with rifle in his hand. Carefully he pulled back the dead weeds which covered the dug-out's opening. She was cowering in the corner with her pups. He aimed and shot. She was dead. He didn't make the mistake of saving the litter.

The rider stepped back just in time to see his horse stagger and fall. Dead! Run to death! Dead chicks, dead sheep, dead dogs, a dead horse — what an awful price to pay for the saving of one little lobo pup, for a wolf is always a wolf!



WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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FRED GIPSON

Fred Gipson, Texas Storyteller by Mike Cox (Shoal Creek Publishers, Inc., P.O. Box 9737, Austin, TX 78766, 256 pages, $15.00 hardcover, 5½ x 8½ inches).

The name Fred Gipson is as well-known as most of his books, especially *Old Yeller* and *Hound-dog Man*. For long-time readers of this magazine, Gipson's name also may have added meaning. When Joe Small started *True West* in 1953, Gipson edited stories for the magazine. Although Gipson did not continue as editor, he did contribute stories and remained a close friend of Joe Small until Gipson's death on August 14, 1973. Gipson is buried in the State Cemetery in Austin.

Fred Gipson's association with *True West* is only one aspect of his interesting but often troubled life as related in this new biography. He was a country boy from the Texas Hill Country. Between his birth in 1908 and death, Gipson had twelve books published, more than 150 magazine stories and countless newspaper columns.

Author Mike Cox captures Fred Gipson the man in this well-written and sometimes moving book. Cox tells of Gipson's failures and successes. He relates how four of Gipson's books were made into movies but how depression, frustration, and lack of confidence often haunted Gipson.

This new biography includes a lengthy introduction by Joe Small plus lists of published and unpublished works by Gipson, notes, and a good index.

Highly recommended.

INDIAN DRAMA

New Native American Drama, Three Plays by Hanay Geiogamah. (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, OK 73019, 133 pages, $9.95 hardcover, 6½ x 8½ inches).

This is the first collection of plays by Geiogamah, an Indian playwright. A native of Lawton, Oklahoma, Geiogamah also has directed in Native American theater. He has traveled to almost every part of America to gather his material. This work contains three plays:

Body Indian concerns the problem of Indian alcoholism, but the play focuses on the modern social and moral obligations that Indian people owe to one another.

Foghorn, the second play, uses humor to point out the harmful stereotyping that often hurts the non-Indian's understanding of Indians.

And *49*, the third play, points a road to the future for the American Indian. It is the first Native American musical play.

These three dramas provide for interesting reading. Photographs are included.

MISSOURI PACIFIC

Mopac Power by Joe G. Collias (Howell-North Books, 11175 Flintkote Ave., Suite C, San Diego, CA 92121, 352 pages, $30.00 hardcover, 8½ x 11 inches).

This is the history of the Missouri Pacific, the first railroad to be built west of the Mississippi River. The author, a railroad buff since his early years, provides the early history of the line in the first chapter. Many illustrations are included.

The balance of the book, however, focuses on the railroad's history between 1905 and 1955. Collias pays special attention to the locomotives and train cars and includes many photographs. At times the photos dominate, making the book more of a photographic history than a written history. Regardless, the book is one that railroad buffs will find delightful.

Collias is the author of two other railroad books — *The Last of Steam* and *The Search for Steam*.

MISSISSIPPI OUTLAW

Life and Confession of the Noted Outlaw James Copeland by J. R. S. Pitts (University Press of Mississippi, 3825 Ridgewood Rd., Jackson, MS 39211, 237 pages, $12.50 hardcover, 6 x 8½ inches).

James Copeland was an outlaw whose clan or gang terrorized South Mississippi in the late 1830s and 1840s. Copeland dictated his story to Sheriff J. R. S. Pitts before he was hanged. When Pitts published Copeland's story in 1858, the outlaw reportedly implicated many Southern Mississippians and Alabamians as members of his gang. Sheriff Pitts was convicted of libel and spent three months in prison. Later editions of the book did not include what had been described as the libelous material.

The publisher, unable to locate a copy of the 1858 edition, has reprinted in facsimile a later edition of the book published in 1909. And what makes this reprint of special interest is the new introduction by John D. W. Guice, a Mississippi history professor. Guice's 19-page introduction tells the story of the book and the missing 1858 edition. A calendar of events covering Copeland's life also has been added to this reprint edition. The calendar covers the period from Copeland's birth in 1823 until 1857 when he was hanged in Augusta, Perry County, Mississippi.

Unfortunately no index has been included. Recommended.

BUFFS BOOK

Book of Buffs, Masters, Mavens and Uncommon Experts, edited by Henry Doering (World Almanac Publications, 200 Park Ave., New York, NY 10166, 342 pages, $6.95 paperback, 5½ x 8½ inches).

Although the subjects in this new book are by no means limited to the Old West, the volume will provide readers with practical information on fascinating hobbies and unusual leisure-time activities.

In so far as the Old West is concerned, the editors provide information on organizations and groups involved in collecting railroadiana, doorknobs, cigar boxes, spinning wheels, padlocks and even handcuffs and restraints.

There is a whole chapter on the Civil War including battlefield preservation, uniforms and equipment, battle reenactments and the Confederate Army. And another chapter looks at Custer County, Nebraska history, Lincoln County, New Mexico history and Southwestern Indian ceremonies.

The book is a guide to more than 200 hobbies and activities. A good index provides easy reference.

THE PITCHFORK

Brand of a Legend by Bob Edgar and Jack Turnell (copies may be ordered from Bob Edgar, Trail Town, Cody,

(Continued on page 59)

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STONE-BOATS

By NELL MURBARGER
Photos provided by author

Nell Murbarger, daughter of Clem and Bess Lounsberry.

Everyone who has read our magazines for any length of time is familiar with Nell Murbarger. During the 1950s and '60s she was known as "The Roving Reporter of the Desert." By 1958 she had traveled nearly 150,000 miles by car, horseback and afoot, much of that distance on remote back trails of the Intermountain West where towns were often 100 miles apart, and a man might live 25 miles from his nearest neighbor. Ghost towns, treasure, remote ranches, hermits and miners, Nell covered them all, and she traveled alone.

Countless magazine articles and several books brought her many awards and the reputation of being the best known and longest established writer of the Sagebrush Country.

Now Nell is busy with a book about the High Plains, where she grew up. This is an excerpt in which there are clear indications that the little prairie kid in this story is learning early to be self-sufficient. Making night camp on some lonely backroad later won't bother her at all . . .

After Harry Clement (Clem) Lounsberry filed on his High Plains homestead and returned East of the River to pick up his bride and farming equipment, he began regaling her with an enthusiastic description of the tall prairie grass and rich soil on what was to be their future home.

"Is there running water?" Bess asked.

"Running .... water ....?" Clem spoke as if he were not completely familiar with the term.

"You know — a stream, a spring?"

"Why .... there must be. I don't recall asking Mr. Forney, but I'm sure .... there must .... be water ..."

Unfortunately, that was the wrong answer. Of running water there was none.

FOR ABOUT half of each year the only water on our homestead was that derived from the snow we melted in a wash-boiler stationed on the back of the cookstove. During the warmer half of each year, when snow was not available, we hauled our domestic and poultry-yard water in two 50-gallon vinegar barrels transported on a stone-boat dragged across the prairie behind a team of horses. To augment these methods we had a very small amount of run-off water from the house roof, but summer rains were negligible. (Our annual precipitation amounted to only 10 or 12 inches.)

This program of hauling water and melting snow was no mere emergency, stop-gap arrangement. On our homestead [in Fall River County, South Dakota] it was a way of life that prevailed from a point in time before I was born [in 1909], until I was woman-grown.

Original use of a stone-boat was for transporting heavy rocks. However, in our part of the High Plains, where there were but few large stones, the chief use of these conveyances was for hauling water.

Our stone-boat was a stout affair made of 2 x 6-inch planks. It had metal runners, like a sled, and a clearance above ground of about eight inches. On the flat bed of the stone-boat Papa had nailed two hollow squares made of 2 x 4 studdings. The two wooden barrels fitted snugly inside these collars and, when necessary, could be removed for cleaning.

After winter's snow had thawed on the hills, and frost was coming out of the ground, the spring run-off water would collect in the minor draws and follow them to the major draws which emptied eventually into Duck Creek, Black Banks and Horsehead Creek. In all these waterways there were deeper depressions known as waterholes. When these holes were full to their brims, the running water would briefly form a silver thread which connected all the holes and gave rise to the expression, "The draws are running!"

For a month or even two months these holes would supply water to sod-busters such as ourselves, whose "dry land" homesteads were dry, indeed.

Hauling water occupied the lowest echelon in the homesteader's world. It was even lower, if possible, than cleaning manure out of the barn. The job required no particular intelligence; practically anyone could do it, even a half-wit.

Strangely enough, as a kid, I rather enjoyed hauling water; but, of course, I liked any job that gave me a chance to harness horses and drive them, and to be in the out-of-doors.

Naturally we went to the nearest waterholes first, these being the ones on our own quarter-section. When these holes went dry we began hauling from a couple of deeper holes on the Jim Dooley place. When the deepest holes on the Dooley land were no longer productive of even a bucketful of water, we would have to start hauling from Duck Creek, three miles south. Even Duck Creek did not always endure throughout a summer and there were a few times when we had to haul water from Horsehead Creek, nearly ten miles from our home.

WHETHER we hauled water from near or far, the procedure was always the same. Having ridden the stone-boat to a hole where water was still available, a cloth sugar sack would be stretched tautly over the top of one of the two barrels and would be secured in place by means of a metal hoop. As each bucket of water was dipped from the waterhole it was poured through this strainer which soon held representatives of every wiggler and water-bug the country supported — to say nothing of tadpoles and pollywogs, floating leaves, and the broken wings of dragonflies.

When the first barrel had been filled,

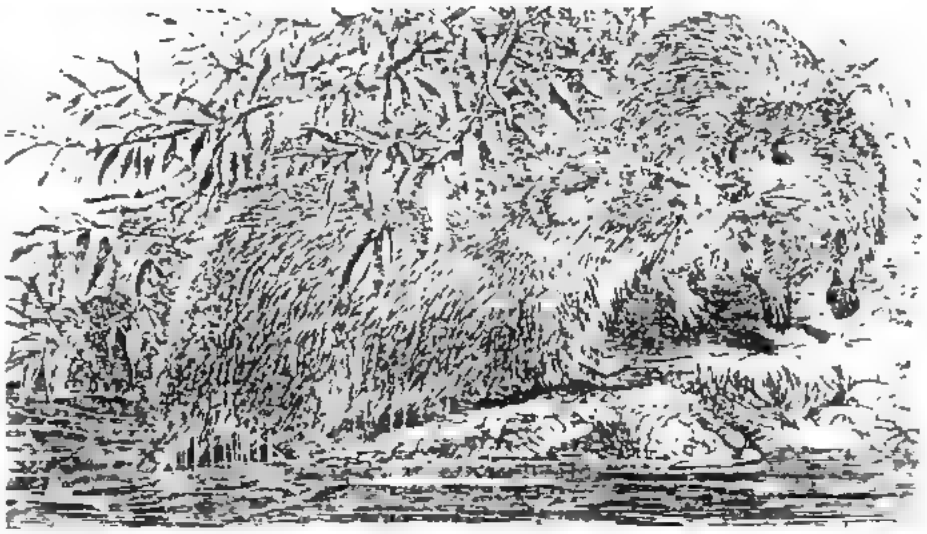
AND MUSKRATS

Hauling water was a way of life

the muslin strainer was transferred to the other barrel, which was filled in the same manner. When both barrels were full the strainer was removed and tossed into the bucket to be washed and boiled next washday.

Last, a canvas cover was spread over each barrel and the metal hoops were hammered into place. By this time the horses would have finished drinking their fill and relieving themselves at the lower end of the same waterhole, and everything would be ready for the trip back home.

I didn't have to be told not to trot the horses on the return trip. If either of those two barrels of water had started to tip it would have taken a person with a lot more muscle than I possessed to stop it and down it would have gone, spilling all its precious contents. The horses weren't too keen about trotting, anyhow, since they were obliged to climb nearly all the way home, and the stone-boat and the



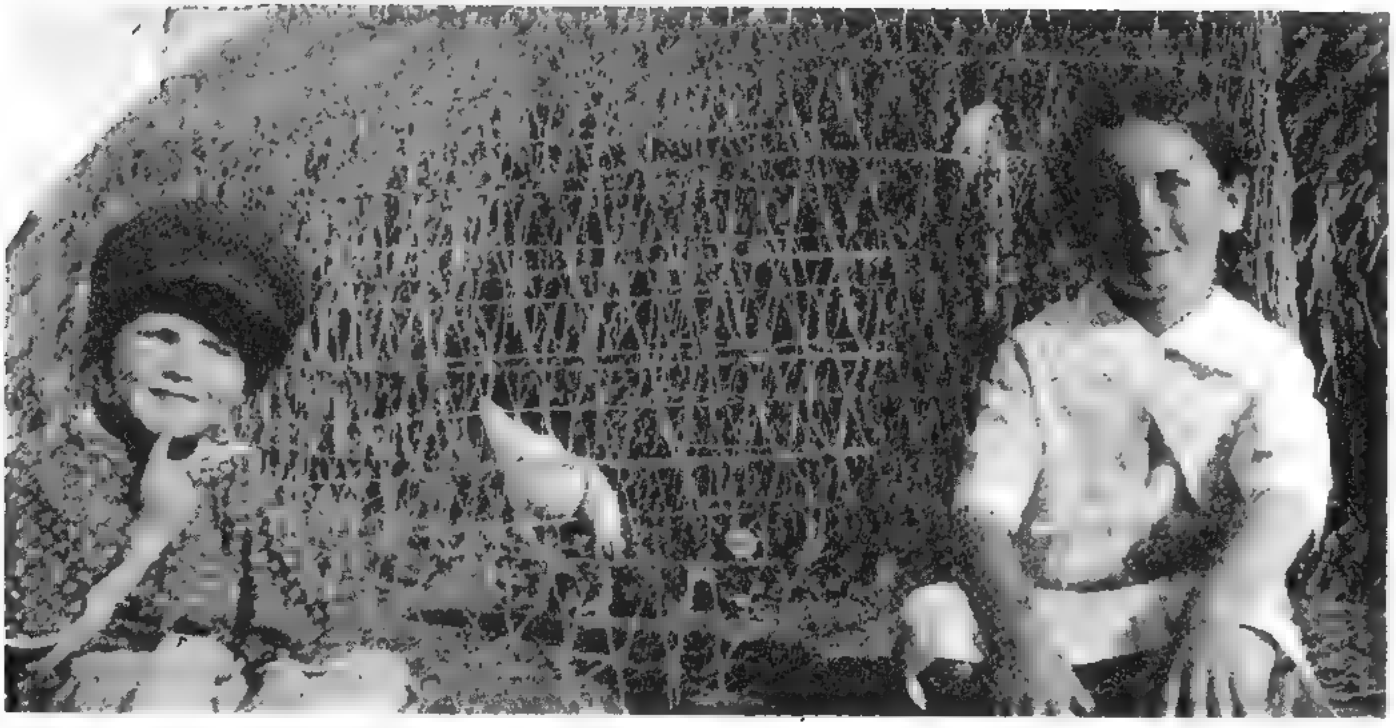
two filled barrels had a gross weight of 1000 pounds or more.

Reaching home, the stone-boat and its water barrels were pulled up close to the outside kitchen door and here they would remain until it was time to go again for water — which was never very long.

From these barrels came our cooking and drinking water, the water for our weekly laundry and bathing, and water for 200 to 300 chickens and turkeys, plus my menagerie of cats and dogs.

When every cupful of water is purchased at the cost of a person's own time and effort, that person soon learns the true meaning of conservation. For example, he does not take a full dipper of water, drink a few swal-

Bessie (White) Lounsberry and Harry Clement Lounsberry, 1909.



Nell Murbarger (right) and her cousin Dick Low by one of the homestead's wire feeding pens for baby chicks.

lows and throw away the remainder. He does not use clean water to scrub the floors of kitchen and porch; he uses water previously used for laundry. Neither does he use clean, fresh water to give life to the struggling clumps of petunias and calendulas in the front yard. Instead, he gives the water used earlier for bathing. He bakes or fries more food than he boils, and he adopts an Eleventh Commandment: "Thou Shalt Save Water . . . save water . . . save water."

AS FAR BACK as I can remember it had been Mama's hope that we should build a dam. The only site near the house that would have been suitable for such a purpose was about 500 feet north and 30 or 40 feet lower than the house. Thus, unless we could have put in some sort of a pump, we still would have had to haul the water, but only for a short distance.

Every summer, without fail, Mama discussed the matter with Papa; but lovable, infuriating procrastinator that he was, Papa would never commit himself to such a program. Finally came a time when Mama must have used some different strategy, because Papa actually agreed to build a dam!

"Okay!" he said with real enthusiasm. "Let's do it, Bess! Let's build a dam. I think that's a wonderful idea!"

Mama was overjoyed — as well as being almost overcome. "I'll go and get the horses ready!" she said, delightedly. "Horses?" said Papa. "What horses?"

"Our horses," said Mama. "Don't you use horses in building a dam?"

"Well, now, Bess — just a minute!" said Papa. "I didn't mean we'd start right away, tonight. This will be a big undertaking. Very big. We'll have to give it a lot of thought and plan carefully."

Later Mama told Grandma Lounsberry, "It was a good thing I didn't have an axe in my hands at the moment. I think I would have killed him."

For all her strategy and conniving, Mama was right back where she had been the first summer we lived on the claim. I'll have to admit that Papa did begin corresponding with the Department of the Interior, the Department of Agriculture, the Farm Bureau, the *Dakota Farmer*, *Capper's Weekly*, and anyone else who might conceivably know something about building a small earthen dam.

From Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888

The Lounsberry homestead in Fall River County was in the southwestern corner of South Dakota, bordering on Wyoming and Nebraska.

Several more years passed before work actually got underway; but eventually it did get underway — and we did build a dam!

Using the walking plow, Papa broke the sod where the deepest part of the dam would be. Next, he borrowed a road scraper from Jerry Dooley and used it to scoop up all the plowed sod which he skidded along and dumped where the embankment would be. As the loosened earth was scraped and dumped, I drove the horses back and forth across the growing embankment to pack the ground.

When all the loosened earth had been scraped from the basin of the dam, Papa plowed it again. This operation of plowing and scraping continued for a week. (By this time Mama and I were beginning to realize that building a dam was a bigger undertaking than we had supposed!)

Several neighbors who had learned of our activities dropped by to lend their criticism and expertise. The middle of the dam should be deeper; the embankment should be wider or higher.

"I'd be glad to follow their suggestion," said Papa. "I'm certain any one of them knows more about building dams than I'll ever know. The only trouble is — none of these experts agree on how it should be done!"

One thing all the experts agreed on was that we must rock-face the dam. Otherwise, as the dam filled, the lapping motion of wind-driven wavelets would soon gnaw away the earthen embankment.

Rock-facing a dam was not as easy

as it sounded. There just weren't that many rocks on our homestead. When a little time was available, we would take the horses and wagon and drive a mile or two out on the State land until we found an area where there were a few rocks. Here, Papa and Mama would get down from the wagon and begin collecting stones and tossing them in the wagon box. I would drive the horses.

Along with the other farm work and chores, there was never more than half-a-day at a time that we could devote to the rock collecting detail. If we worked hard and were lucky, we might be able to collect half a wagon-box of rocks — but it was rather disheartening to see what a small part of the embankment this many rocks would cover.

When, at last, we had faced the entire embankment one-layer deep and had tamped the rocks solidly into place, we laid another rock layer over the first. This operation went on for weeks. At last we had an embankment about 15 feet wide and 100 feet in length. As nearly as Papa could determine, without actually using a surveyor's instrument, our dam, when full to the spillway, should back water for about 400 feet, and in the center the water should be close to 10 feet deep.

What a grand and glorious feeling it was to know that no more water would have to be hauled from Duck Creek and Black Banks and Horsehead. No longer, in the heat of summer, would our cattle have to be driven all the way to Duck Creek, three times a week, for water!

We had met the foe and had subdued him. We were Hannibal and we had crossed the Alps. We were Kublai Khan and we had conquered China . . .

THAT WINTER brought plenty of snow, and as it melted the following spring it was a wonderful thrill to see our dam gradually fill and the spillway start to run.

By midsummer the water was sufficiently warm for swimming. Papa said it was the first time he had enjoyed a really good swim since he left Iowa in 1900. He built a "Huckleberry Finn" raft for me, using willow and cottonwood poles, and I practically lived on the raft that summer.

The dam was all we had ever hoped it would be. Redwing blackbirds hung their neat nest pouches in the reeds that sprang up along the shore; frogs sang in the evenings. We even caught a bucketful of small bullheads and shiners in the town reservoir at Ardmore and used them to stock the dam with fish.

If this account were fiction, this is where the story of the dam would end. Unfortunately, it is not fiction, but hard, nitty-gritty fact.

July of that year brought some unbelievably hot weather. Everything except our new dam was dry as a mummy's mouth. The garden soil was cracked wide open; the road to Oelrichs was buried in dust.

One day Papa came running to the house, quite excited. "Bess! Nell!" he called. "Come and see this animal!"

Mama and I ran outside where Papa pointed to a creature about as large as a prairie dog, but with long, silky, brown hair. Its tail seemed sort of flat and we wondered if it might be a beaver? Whatever it was, it seemed obvious that the creature was very close to death. It was panting with open mouth, and was not even able to hold its head up.

Mama got a wash basin of water and set it down in front of the animal. Hesitating only a moment it began drinking; then it ran its head down through the water, much as a cat rubs against catnip. It sat on its haunches and using both front paws it washed its face, over and over again. When Papa had first seen the animal it had been coming down the hillslope from the west. If it was a water animal (as we suspected) it would have had to travel 20 miles or more overland from the nearest water — and in 100-degree-plus temperatures.

The next time Papa saw "Uncle Jim" Lockwood, one of our favorite neighbors, he told him about the creature and its actions. "It's the cutest darned thing you ever saw," said Papa. "Nell's going to make a pet of it."

"Listen, Clem," said Uncle Jim. "That animal you're talking about is a muskrat, and you'd better get rid of it right now!"

"What do you mean 'get rid of it'?" said Papa.

"Just that! Shoot it. Poison it. Strangle it. Drop a brick on it — but get rid of it! Otherwise, as sure as God sends wind to South Dakota, it'll wreck your new dam!"

Well, Papa wasn't the sort of person who killed defenseless little animals, so I'm afraid he just figured, "Maybe it'll go away," and forgot the whole matter.

Came winter and freeze-up, and finally it was spring again. The snow was melting beautifully. Then, for some reason — a big stream of water was shooting out the back of the embankment. Further investigation revealed a hole about as large around as a quart jar — or a muskrat — and getting larger by the moment as the water gushed through it.

The neighborhood "experts" reconvened and began giving Papa advice for salvaging the dam. He tried all their suggestions in turn, from driving a pine pole into the breach to tamping the holes full of rocks and cement. Each remedy would seem to be helping for a while, and the water level would begin to rise. Then, some morning, we would find water gushing through a new hole in the embankment.

It became obvious that our entire dam was riddled with holes. There was no point trying to repair the damage until we had rid ourselves of that miserable muskrat. Even Papa no longer was feeling quite so charitable toward the little wayfarer that had partaken of our hospitality and succor and then had sabotaged all the weeks of work we had expended on the dam.

Kermouth Foster, a local teenager, told Papa he had some muskrat traps and would be glad to set a couple of them if Papa wanted him to do so. After a hard wrestle with his conscience, Papa told Kermouth to go ahead and set his traps. Knowing Papa, I know what that decision must have cost him.

A couple of days later, Kermouth came up to the house from the direction of the dam. He was grinning and obviously quite pleased with himself.

"Hey! Mr. Lounsberry!" he called. "I caught your muskrat! It's a fine, big fat one. What do you want me to do with it?"

"I don't care, Kermouth," said Papa. "Skin it, bury it. Whatever you want to do with it. Just keep it out of my sight. As far as I'm concerned I never want to see another muskrat in my life . . ."

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FOREST RANGERS AND THE CRAZY MAN

— they helped a lot to liven up an elk hunt!

By ABE B. CUTLER
Photos provided by author

I HAVE spent time on the Bighorn River; the Little Horn River; the Rosebud; Pine Ridge on the lower Yellowstone River out from Custer, Montana; the upper Yellowstone; the Gallatin and the Madison Rivers, too. Here is one story, as it happened to me.

In the spring of 1920 we had around 2,000 head of cattle in a feed lot at the mouth of the Little Big Horn, called the Big Y. The mud was knee-deep when we were feeding them Nebraska slough grass at $40 a ton. We wasted almost all we fed them.

Finally I quit the cow outfit and went to Jackson Hole to trap with my brother Bob. The reason I quit was that all the big outfits went out of business in 1920. The winter of 1919-'20 broke them all.

Bob and I went to a cabin on a mining claim on Soda Fork, a fork of the Buffalo River in Wyoming. We caught a lot of marten. We were in a high country way back from any place at that time.

We intended to kill enough elk to last us all winter, but the weather was nice so we kept putting off getting our meat in. We kept two saddle horses to pack in our meat. There was lots of elk around until a big snowstorm hit, two feet on the level, and the elk headed for the lower country.

I got on a horse and went down to a forest ranger outpost about eighteen miles from our cabin to get our mail and to size up the elk which were down on a game reserve. The weather had cleared up. I got about a mile from the cabin and looked back on the side of a mountain, in mostly open country, and there was a small bunch of elk bedded down right out in plain sight. I went back to the cabin and told Bob our meat was right around the mountain.

We got on our skis in two feet of snow, and came in on them from above. We got as close as we could and took a look. All we could see was one cow and one bull out in the open, lying down. Bob had a .30 Remington and I had a .351 or .451. I don't remember, but for a short range it had a lot of power. For a long shot it was not good.

Bob said, "I've got the best gun. I'll take the cow and you take the bull. We'll both shoot at the same time." I held about a foot over the bull and said, "Shoot."

Bob's cow got up and started around the point. It just could walk. My bull got up and stood there facing us. Bob said, "I've got my cow. You had better shoot your bull again." I held over him and shot again, but he just stood

Below: Abe B. Cutler on his cow horse Chip. Right: Bob Cutler.

Illustration by Andrew Berrick, from the collection of Patrick Hebert: courtesy Compton LaBauve

there. I held higher and shot again. No luck. That was all the ammo I had. Bob said, "Get rid of that gun. I'll show you what a good gun can do."

The bull hadn't moved. It just stood there facing us. Bob shot and it fell over backwards. We had taken our skis off to shoot, so we put them back on. Bob took off downhill. I stood there watching him until he went out of sight to his cow. Then I took off, making a wide circle so I could run up to my bull slow. When I got to him, he was lying on his side. I thought he was dead. I ran my skis up on his front leg to stop.

When my skis touched his front leg, up he came, a six-point bull and mad, and me with no ammo for my gun. Most always I carried a six-gun on my hip, but not that day. If I had had that gun, I would have been O.K. I didn't have much time to decide what to do. I was kind of headed downhill, so I took off. There was a couple of hundred feet of a draw, then a small flat, then down hill. I figured if I could make the draw and the flat, then I could outrun the Devil if I had to.

I made the draw in a high run on the skis with not much downhill. You can guess how I was doing — my best. I looked up to my right and there was Bob dressing out his cow. I looked back and it seemed the bull was right on my shirt tail. I hollered to Bob to shoot. I can see him today, years later, grabbing his gun and saying, "Shoot what?" I hollered, "Shoot, you damn fool!" Everything was going fast! By then the bull had come in sight, and Bob downed him for good. To this day I don't know if I could have made it to the drop-off before the bull caught up with me.

AT THE same cabin, along the first of April, Bob left to go eighteen miles down to the Ranger Station. The Rangers would bring our mail up from the Elk Post Office. That afternoon when I looked down the creek — I could see about half a mile — I noticed a man coming up the trail on a pair of webs (snowshoes). Bob had left on webs.

It was late in the day, but I figured Bob had made better time than we had thought he would, so I started a fire and put on a stew. The snow was about five feet deep, but the wind had rift a path all around our cabin. I was busy with the stew when a man hollered, "Hello there!"

I looked out and it wasn't Bob, but a stranger with a full beard. He said, "I drew a line down there and if anyone comes on this side, we'll shoot him." I said, "Okay, come on in." I thought he was a drunk.

When he got off his webs and came in, I knew I was in with a crazy man. Well, I fed him some stew. I had heard how a crazy man was up on superpowers. I got kind of worried. He spent all his time telling me about the people he had killed. Now he was headed up in Montana where there was lots of bald-

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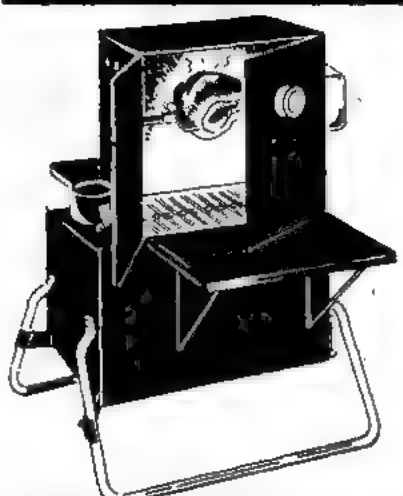

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face squirrels, because they gave him nice thoughts.

Bob was still down at the Ranger Station, so I put him in Bob's bed. I saw him eyeing our guns on the wall between our beds: two rifles and two six-guns. After that, I said, "How is your pillow?"

"Good," he said.

I said, "Mine is no good. I'm going to get a coat off the wall." I got the two six-guns and put them under my pillow.

He spent most of the night repeating his tales of how many people he had killed. As long as he was talking, I knew where he was, but when he got quiet, I lay there wondering if he was really asleep. I didn't get any sleep, that's for sure.

The next morning he again said he was headed to Montana where the bald-face squirrels gave him beautiful thoughts. He knew his way north and south. He had a gun.

I said, "If you go into Yellowstone Park with a gun on the back trail, they'll arrest you."

He said, "I will shoot them before they know I'm in there."

Pretty soon he took off on the north fork of the Buffalo River, going by the way of Two Ocean Pass to the head of the Yellowstone. I thought I had better go down to the Ranger station and tell them he was headed north and that he might shoot someone before they knew he was there. After he left, I followed his tracks down the creek about a half mile where the north fork took off. He had turned north.

I had got about five miles on my way to the Station when I met Bob, a Forest Ranger, and two men from the Hatchet Ranch on the Buffalo River.

THE DAY BEFORE, as Bob was headed down to the Forest Ranger Station, he had seen smoke coming out of a homesteader's cabin. I'm sorry but I can't remember the homesteader's name. Anyway, the homesteader always went out for the winter. So Bob, when he saw the smoke, went down on his webs to the cabin and hollered hello. Out came a man with a full beard. Well, Bob had a beard also. So the man stopped and said, "You've got a beard." Bob said, "Yes." The fellow had come out with an axe in his hand.

Bob continued to the Ranger Station, several miles away, and told them a crazy man was up at the homestead. There was a forest telephone and the homesteader had a telephone. So the Ranger started to ring the telephone, and after a while the crazy man answered. The telephone line was hooked up to the ranches and every place else all the way to Jackson, Wyoming, which was about sixty miles. When anyone rang the phone, lots of people listened in. Well, the crazy man told what he was going to do to a lot of women. The Ranger cut him off and told him they would be up to see him. That must have been when the crazy man took off on Bob's back trail and came up to see me.

The morning he had left, I met the Ranger, Bob, and the two men from Hatchet Ranch. I told them he had headed into Yellowstone Park. The Ranger and the two ranchers turned back to report to the Rangers in the Park. Bob and I headed toward our cabin.

We had got to within a half mile of it when we saw smoke coming out the stovepipe. We went up to where the trail forked, and there was the track headed back to the cabin. I told Bob, "You stay out of sight. He knows me, and if I can get in, we'll see how it comes out."

I had left the two rifles hanging on the wall. I was on skis, so I skied right up to the door, which was about four feet below the level of the snow. I hollered, "How is everything? I've been out on the trap line and ain't caught nothing." I was talking all the time until I could reach the door.

The door was barred. I said, "Let me in, it's cold out here." He opened the door and I stepped in. Bob had come around the back side of the cabin right behind me. The crazy man looked at Bob and said, "I know you. I've seen you before."

What a mess the cabin was! We had had a couple of elk hides and he had brought them in and shaved all the hair off. There was hair all over everything, and he had a five-gallon can on the stove of long willows making some willow tea. I wanted to jump him and tie him up. Bob said that as crazy as he was, it might get out of hand. He saw Bob and me talking and all of a sudden, he wanted to get out. He was shaking all over. He still had a .22 rifle he had taken from the homestead. I wanted to jump him, but Bob said to let him go, because he still had the rifle.

It was kind of light out all the way. After dark, I got on my skis and followed him down for a half mile, with him raving about who he was going to kill. When I came back to the cabin we hung blankets over the window so he couldn't shoot us from the outside.

THE NEXT MORNING we examined the trail. He had beaten a path almost up to the cabin, then he took off to the lower country. We followed his trail and came to where we could see smoke. We circled around and decided he was there. Then we went to the Forest Ranger Station and reported.

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They called Jackson, and they deputized us to pick the crazy man up. We went up the next morning to the homesteader's cabin: two men from the Hatchet Ranch, Ranger Rosecran, Bob and I. The stove in the cabin was still warm. In warm April, anyone on snowshoes — webs — was at a disadvantage, because as soon as the crust melted, the webs were no good. We were on skis and we knew we had him.

We trailed him up a canyon. When the sun came out, he didn't have a chance. As we were going up a canyon, he hollered, "Don't you come any closer!" We knew he had a .22 rifle. He preached up a sermon and a couple of our posse said it was good.

We decided to split up. He was way high on the ridge. Val Allen and another fellow said they would stay put. Bob, Ranger Rosecran, and I would get above him. The crazy man said he would shoot us if we bothered him.

Bob, Rosecran and I went on up the canyon on our skis, yelling that we had a trap line to take care of. As we attempted to get above him, one of us kept an eye on him while the other two would go a way, and then they would watch him while the one behind caught up. We lost sight of him while climbing to get on top of the ridge.

When we got on top, there was no timber. We got on top about the same time as he did, a hundred yards down from us.

We had decided we would take his gun and try to talk him into going with us. We were about five miles from the Ranger Station in deep snow. We wanted him to walk, since it would have been a job to pack him out.

About then, Val Allen and the other man came up. Bob was on one side of the crazy man, and I was on the other side. The Ranger stood back out of the way. There were too many people, and the crazy man got scared and started to take off. Bob and I started to close in on him. Val got in a hurry and made a grab for the tail of one of his webs. He had taken a small hunting axe from the homesteader's cabin. He started to hit Val on the head with it. I had a step or two to go before I could grab him. I knew I couldn't make it before he could hit Val. I had a good ski pole, so I brought it down on his head. It knocked him down, and Bob and I fell on him at the same time. We took his gun and axe, and let him up. He said he would go with us nice as could be. He thought Bob was the one who hit him. He told Bob that he was coming back from the next life as an alligator and eat him up.

It was just a little way to where the ridge started downhill, all in open country. First the Ranger took off, then the Hatchet man, then Val, then Bob. They were really traveling, a good half mile to the bottom. The crazy man and I watched them go. I didn't think much of being up there alone with a crazy man. I thought maybe I should take off also and leave him up there alone. But I didn't.

It took us a couple of hours to make it to the Ranger's cabin. The Ranger had brought out a quart bottle of whiskey. They had had a few drinks, and had cooked and eaten dinner. They had also called up the Hatchet Ranch to send a sled team to haul the man down to meet the sheriff. I guess I shouldn't bitch; they gave the man and me both a big shot of whiskey and fed us. They told me later that hell, after they had caught him, they felt I should do my share and fetch him in.

I heard later that the crazy man had been on a hunting trip with three other men on the Wind River side of the range. The three had to leave, and he wanted to hunt another week. That was late in October. When they went back to get him, the tent, the bed and the grub were there but there was no sign of him. It had snowed a lot. They looked for him, but they never found any tracks — no nothing, so they gave up. It was in April when he showed up on the Buffalo River. He arrived at the

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homesteader's cabin on two boards six inches wide and about five feet long, with a narrow leather strap to put his feet in. Where he got them, no one knew. He took the webs the homesteader had left. He told me he had slept with a bear and had lots of porcupine to eat. He had been locked up before.

I REMEMBER a story my Dad told me years ago that happened at Cook City, a mining town east of Yellowstone Park. I don't remember what year the Park was established. But today Cook City is east of it. As Dad's story goes, there was a man who had a fancy horse and a saddle that different people had tried to buy. He wouldn't sell, he always said. He went on a trip on his horse, and had been gone a month or so. One day a stranger came in to Cook City riding the horse and saddle, saying he had bought them. The towns-people decided the fellow they knew would never have sold his horse and saddle. They figured that the stranger had killed him to get them.

The sheriff locked him up in the jail. There was a lot of talk in the bars. A bunch of people decided to go to the jail and take him out and hang him. Dad went up to the jail and had a talk with him, then went and told the sheriff, "That man is telling the truth and a bunch are getting drunk and are coming up to hang him. It's up to you to stop them."

The sheriff said, "I'm here alone and if they want him, I can't stop them."

Dad said, "You are the sheriff and it's your duty to stop them." The sheriff then said to Dad, "Maybe you want the job?"

"You swear me in as a deputy, give me a badge, and I'll take the job." Dad told the sheriff to go down to a saloon owned by Joe Kenney to get some ammo and his sawed-off shotgun, and to bring it back quick. The sheriff brought them and took off. Dad and Joe Kenney weren't on speaking terms then, which was the reason Dad couldn't go himself for the ammo and gun. When the mob came, Dad stepped out and told them, "That man is telling the truth. There is enough of you to come and get him, but there will be some of you that won't be here to see him hang." They all knew Dad and decided they didn't want the man, and left.

Not long after that the original owner came back and said he had been broke and had sold the horse and saddle to the stranger. So they turned the man out of jail, but he went by the name of Scotty, the Horse Thief from there on, He stayed in Cook City for three or four years.

When I was about seven, there was a ranch about a mile or so up the road from Dad's ranch where an old-timer was staying, looking after things. His last name was McKormick. He was a good drinking man. He kept a bottle of whiskey hid around in several places so when he wanted a drink he wouldn't have to walk too far to get it.

About two miles below our place was another ranch, where a young fellow was staying as caretaker. He went up to see McKormick and they both got drunk. Mac went to sleep, and the young fellow got on his horse and went home. When Mac woke up and went over behind the door to get a drink, there was no bottle. He went to another cache and had a drink, then got his rifle and started down to shoot the s-o-b that stole his whiskey.

In the meantime the young fellow had gotten thirsty and got on his horse to go back to Mac's. The road went by our place, and they met right in front of our house, with us kids watching them when they met. Mac brought his gun up and pulled down on the young fellow. We hollered to Dad.

Dad came to the window, but all he could do was watch. The young fellow talked Mac out of shooting him; he said he hadn't stolen any whiskey. They started back up the road single file, Mac behind with his gun drawn. When they got to Mac's place, he marched the young fellow in and said, "Right here behind this door is where I had a bottle." He swung the door back and said, "Right here is where it was." He looked and said, "And here it is! Let's have a drink!" Dad got the story from the young man himself.

Dad and Little Jack had another story. Why he was called Little Jack, I don't know. He was six feet tall and weighed about two hundred pounds. They had taken up a claim on the Lamar River in 1870. It was where the Buffalo Ranch is now, in Yellowstone Park. They put up some buildings for a stopping place for the travelers between Cook City and Cinnabar, which was about two or three miles north of Gardner, Montana. There was no Gardner at that time and no trace of Cinnabar now.

Anyway, Dad and Jack had it all fixed up. Then President Grant signed a bill on March 1, 1872 and they were in the Park.

The Government told them to get out. They said, "We were here first, to hell with you." The Government sent them a notice that they were sending a bunch of soldiers up on a certain date to burn them out. Dad and Little Jack stayed pat.

On the date set, here came the soldiers and started to set a building on fire. Little Jack grabbed a gun to start shooting, but Dad grabbed the gun away from him. The captain of the outfit turned around and saw Dad with the gun. He arrested Dad and then burned the building up. Dad was taken to Cheyenne, Wyoming, a long way. When he had a hearing, Dad told them he took the gun away from Little Jack. Some of the soldiers said they saw it, too, so the Captain got hell for fetching Dad to Cheyenne.

ANOTHER story was told to me by old Tom Lincoln. I knew him for years on the upper Madison and Gallatin Rivers. He died in Bozeman, Montana about 1940. He was up in the nineties when he died. Tom was trapping beaver on the upper Madison River about 1908. He had a pack horse for his camp outfit and decided to slip into Yellowstone Park and do some poaching. He was doing good until the soldiers caught him. They took him to Fort Mammoth and gave him six months in the guardhouse and appropriated all of his outfit, his horse and everything.

At the end of six months, Colonel Brett told him, "Mr. Lincoln, we are going to put you out of the Park on the opposite side you want to go out on."

Tom replied, "I want to go out on the Madison side."

It is about five miles to Gardiner, Montana, That is on the Yellowstone River. Brett said, "We will give you one hour to get out of the Park. If we catch you in the Park after that, it will be another six months in the guardhouse."

Old Tom said, "Colonel Brett, if you look for me, look towards the Madison side."

"Tom started out toward Gardiner, but when he got out of sight of the Fort he took off up a draw and got into the timber. The next day Tom came at the checking place on the Madison River. All Tom had to do was walk across the line and he was safe.

It was late afternoon and Tom hadn't had anything to eat since breakfast in the guardhouse the day before. He stayed in the brush until he saw a soldier he knew. Tom whistled at him, and the soldier said to come on in. They fed him and told him that all the men in the Park were out after him. As Tom was eating, one of the soldiers looked down the road and here came a lieutenant with four men. Tom went out the back door into the bushes. The lieutenant told the soldiers there to watch out for Tom because they thought he was headed that way.

The lieutenant and his men turned and went off up the road. One of the soldiers at the checking station then called to Tom, "Come on in and eat, the coast is clear." They were all good friends of Tom's and wouldn't turn him in. But Tom told me he sure hated to lose his horse.

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THE WIDOW ELLIOTT

"Tomorrow will be better" — maybe that's what the buggy wheels whispered, rolling along for twenty years

By CHARLSIE POE
Photos provided by author

IT IS strange that the Moro Community would be nestled at the foot of Flat Top Mountain in South Taylor County, Texas instead of near Moro Mountain which is fifteen miles to the east.

But stranger than that is the story of the community's mail service. The Widow Elliott carried the mail on the Star Route from Guion to Moro for twenty-one years when mail came by hack.

Her day began at 4 a.m., when she arose to cook breakfast, feed the horse and hitch it to the buggy. She went to the post office at Moro and picked up the mail that had been posted the day before and also collected mail from the boxes along the route. She had to be at Guion in time for her mail to be in the post office when the white-top mail hack arrived from Abilene.

Then she waited until the Abilene hack proceeded to Audra (one mile west of present Bradshaw) where the Ballinger mail hack was met, horses were changed, and the carriers took a rest stop.

Mrs. Elliott would have to sit for several hours in her buggy, where she ate lunch, read her Bible, sometimes did some knitting or sewing. When the Abilene mail hack returned she was free to go, taking the incoming mail to Moro to be deposited in the post office there.

The post office was in a general store belonging to Mr. and Mrs. J.D. Elliott. Elizabeth was called the "Widow Elliott" to distinguish her from the postmistress, Mrs. J.D. Elliott. The two Elliott families were not kin but became good friends for life.

Above: Widow Elliott and her family. From left, standing: Clay, Milton, and Kitty. From left, seated beside their mother: Nat and Alta. Above right: Elizabeth Elliott clearing away brush.

Above: More before 1900 looked like a toy village with its pond and winding road into town. Shown is the store which housed the post office; the strollers are unidentified. Below: Elizabeth and two of her children pose by their garden.

The post office at Guion was in the S.N. Edenborough store. Grace Graham, a daughter, said that her father assisted Frank Sheppard in running the gin and store until he bought out Sheppard in 1904, and was postmaster until his death in 1924. Sons then took over the duties.

"The Widow Elliott would park close to the store but we could hardly get her to come in and sit by the fire in cold weather," said Mrs. Graham. "She was afraid she would be imposing. Once when Mother sent me out to ask her to come in she said she would come on one condition, that we didn't ask her to eat lunch with us."

CIRCUMSTANCES that led to Elizabeth Elliott's being left a widow with seven children, at the age of 39, more than a thousand miles from the nearest relative, began when her husband, Daniel, wanted to come to Texas for his health. He moved his family from Kentucky to a log cabin on a ranch in the Shep area, about thirty-five miles south of Abilene, and worked for the owner, a man named Sparks, as a ranch hand. But he did not regain his health and died August 8, 1894, less than a year after his arrival.

Mrs. Elliott continued living on the ranch and her oldest son, LeRoy, who was then eighteen, took his father's place. But when Sparks, who had killed a man, whipped LeRoy, Mrs. Elliott feared for their lives and appealed to

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neighbors. Three men took their guns and wagons and moved the family to a house on the C.M. Hunt ranch where they lived rent free for several years until Mrs. Elliott was able to buy a home near Moro.

To provide for her family, Mrs. Elliott secured a contract in 1895 to carry the mail on the Guion to Moro Route, about fifteen miles, which paid $100 every three months . . . and the carrier furnished transportation.

As each child became sixteen years old he could be sworn in as a substitute carrier to assist his mother. At one time or another all the children helped carry the mail.

To protect the carrier in bad weather, the buggy had side curtains and a windshield made of heavy leather-like material. These were snapped or buckled on the buggy. The windshield had an opening for the reins and a peephole covered with celluloid or isinglass. Bricks were kept on the wood stove and in the morning were wrapped and put in the buggy as a foot warmer.

The children also worked at such jobs as were available in a farm and ranch area. LeRoy was thrown while breaking horses on the Jim Wood ranch. When his mother learned he was hurt, she hitched the horses to the wagon and with her youngest daughter, Kitty, went after him. Neighborhood men sat with him that night while the family waited in the cellar, the only other bedroom. Early the next morning, they told her LeRoy had died. They buried him by his father on the southern slope of Flat Top Mountain, in the Bluff Creek Cemetery. It was 1896.

Mrs. Elliott continued carrying the mail. On a card written to her daughter in 1909 she said, "I will make another bid for the mail. Don't see how I can get along without it."

One woman said that when she was a girl and they were working in the field they were always glad to see the Widow Elliott come over the hill for they knew it was time to go to lunch.

Actually, carrying the mail was only part of the Widow Elliott's chores, for when she reached home in the afternoon about 3 o'clock, she began cooking, sewing, housecleaning, chopping wood, carrying water and milking. She also fed the horse and chickens and looked after her garden and canning.

Mrs. Elliott preferred dark clothing and always wore a black apron and cap when delivering the mail. She also wore the cap in the house. Although she wore black and said she wanted to be buried in black, Mrs. Elliott was heard to remark that she would dress her girls as well as anyone else if she had to live on bread and water. But she also admitted that many people had assisted her.

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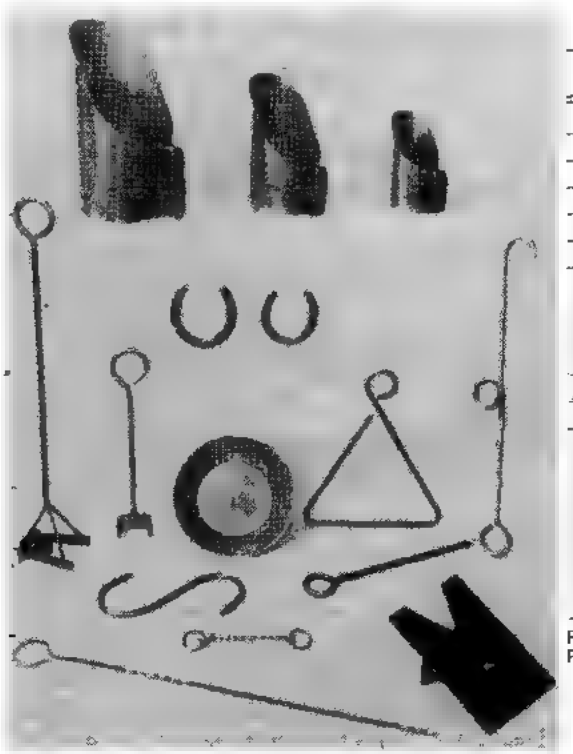

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AS YEARS PASSED, the children married or left to work in other places and Mrs. Elliott was left to drive the mail route alone.

Dolly, the last of the buggy horses, knew the way, stopped at the mail boxes, and made all the turns without help. After twenty-one years, Mrs. Elliott retired and said it was a great relief when she turned old Dolly out for the last time. There was no retirement provision so Mrs. Elliott continued living at home and caring for her chickens and garden.

Zoe Anna, the oldest girl, married soon after her father's death and Alza Dean married James Mitchell in 1900. Tragedy again struck the family with the death of Alza in 1910, her four-year-old daughter two years later, and her husband in 1917. The three remaining Mitchell children went to live with their father's brother, Henry.

Mrs. Elliott's remaining sons were *Henry Clay, Milton, and Nathaniel* (Nat). When Nat's wife died in 1918 during the flu epidemic at Burkburnett, he was unable to cope with the care of his three-year-old daughter, Evalie. Mrs. Elliott went after the child and kept her until an aunt could take her and send her to school. She taught the child to read and write and to say her prayers.

Evalie recalled that her grandmother was quite heavy and when she hoed in the garden she sat in a chair and moved it along as she hoed. She also remembered that they had no toothbrushes so she got some willow branches, and the ends flared out brush-like, and with salt they kept their teeth in good condition. When Evalie was sixty years old she had no cavities.

Mrs. Elliott provided part of the meat for her table by shooting cottontail rabbits in the area. She thought they were tastier than chicken. It has been rumored that she took a gun on her mail route but no one in the family knew anything about it.

Mrs. Marion Goble, a former schoolteacher, said she roomed with Mrs. Elliott and taught school at Moro when the granddaughter was living with her. Mrs. Elliott would not charge Mrs. Goble anything but she had to furnish her own firewood. They both ate in the kitchen and when the little girl ate some of Mrs. Goble's food that she found attractive, the next day her grandmother would replace it in some way.

Mrs. Elliott spent most of her latter days in the homes of her daughters. She died at Lamesa in her oldest daughter's home in 1941, at the age of eighty-six. She was born July 27, 1855 in Winchester, Kentucky. She is buried in the Bluff Creek Cemetery among her loved ones. Her youngest daughter Katherine was the last to die. She lived until 1978.

Unreality pervades the air as one stands in the old cemetery guarded by sturdy cedar trees, sees the flash of glistening oil tanks on the hillside, and hears the silence shattered by the roar of huge oil trucks whizzing by. One hopes desperately that Elizabeth Elliott found enough happiness to compensate for the responsibility that fell upon her so early in life and so far from home.

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ADIOS to a PACKTRAIN

By GRADY E. McCRIGHT
Photos provided by author

WHEN General John Joseph ("Black Jack") Pershing and the Punitive Expedition crossed into Mexico in 1916 searching for the Mexican rebel, Pancho Villa, they took motor cars into combat for the first time. It was a contest between the age-old army mule and the recently developed engine-powered vehicle. The automobile proved its worth in eleven months of rugged field use, and signaled the end of the packtrain.

In the predawn hours of March 9, 1916, the Mexican bandit and some 400 raiders had crossed the international border near Columbus, New Mexico. In the next few hours, Columbus became a holocaust. Although eighteen Americans died, it is to the credit of the small detachment of United States troops stationed at nearby Camp Furlong that the death toll was not higher. The hamlet of only 300 was completely surprised, as were the American soldiers. Recovering from the shock both the military and civilians went quickly into action and repelled the rebels. The army broke out machine guns, and civilians fired whatever weapons they could locate in the darkness. Silhouetted by the light of burning buildings, the Mexicans became targets of opportunity for the rapidly assembled firearms. By sunup, Villa had broken off the attack and fled for the safety of the border.

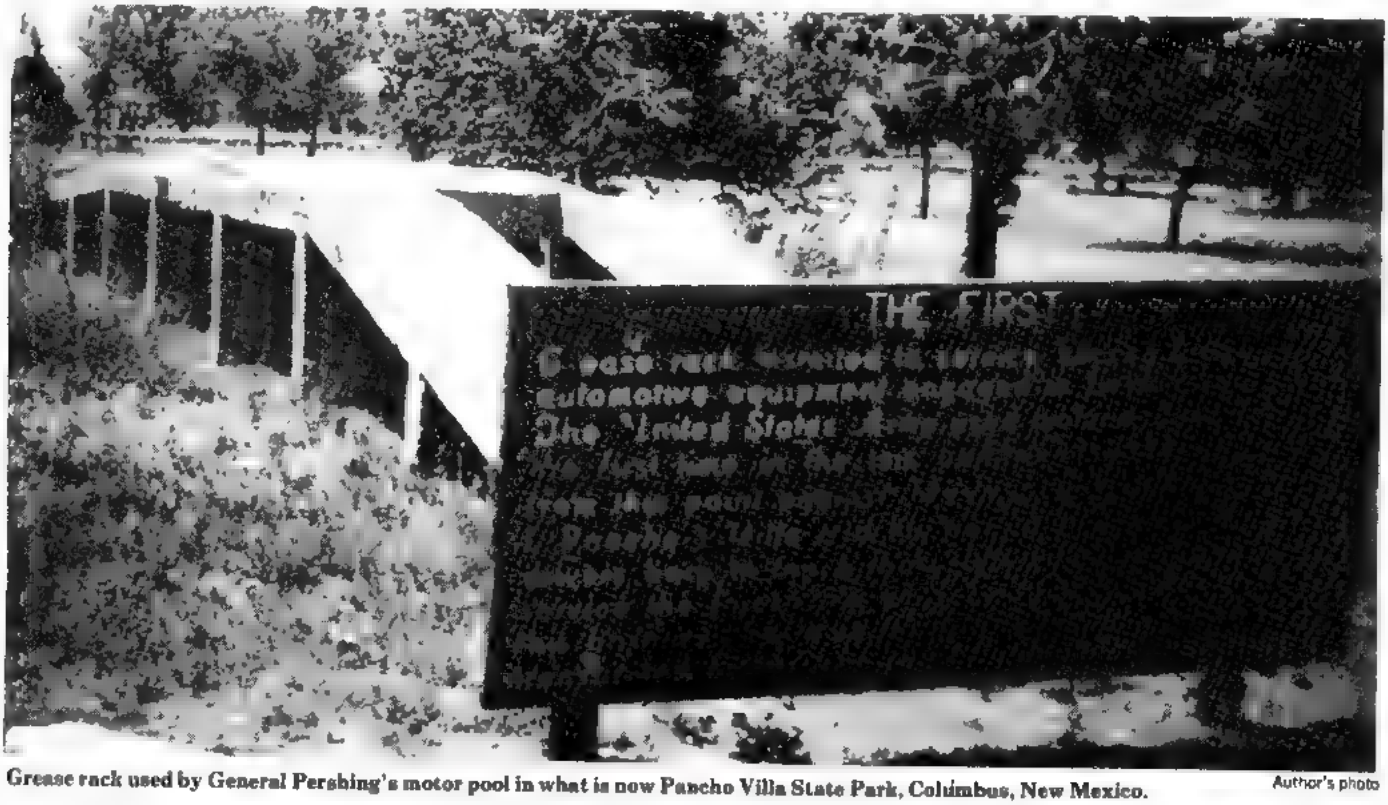
Word of the raid brought cries of revenge from all points in the States. Within hours, Washington had decided that Villa must be hunted down. Brigadier General Pershing was ordered to assume command of a large task force, penetrate Mexico, and bring the Villistas to bay. Pershing gathered his war machine, and hired local cowboys and Apache Indians who were familiar with the Mexican terrain as scouts. He ordered the First Aero Squadron with its eight Curtiss Jenny airplanes transferred to Columbus by rail, and he requested that all available motor vehicles be shipped to the border as soon as possible.

In three days, the tiny railroad station and the village itself had swelled to the bursting point. The docks were loaded with all manner of military paraphernalia, and soldiers were camped everywhere. The wheels of war were moving with astonishing speed. The First Aero Squadron arrived on the 15th. Vehicles were piling up with the receipt of each train.

Since few soldiers had any experience with motor cars, Pershing had enlisted the aid of civilians who knew how to drive. Cities and towns, organizations and individuals sent donated goods of all descriptions. The entire nation was behind the Punitive Expedition, and the people expected quick and decisive retaliation. Villa must not escape.

Pershing was embarking on the unknown. Never before in the history of American warfare had the military made use of such modern devices. It was the first time that motorized vehicles were tried, the first time that wireless radio accompanied the troops, and the first time that aircraft were used as scouts. Even the territory was new and strange to the soldiers. This was true desert land — it had not rained for nearly a year; there was little wood for fuel; there were deep, sandy arroyos. It was a hostile land and it held a hostile people.

On March 16, Pershing decided that his force was ready, and in the early hours he crossed the border onto foreign soil from Culberson's Ranch in the New Mexico boot heel. On the same day, other troops entered at Palomas directly south of Columbus. Although Pershing went into Mexico in good faith, Washington had not yet



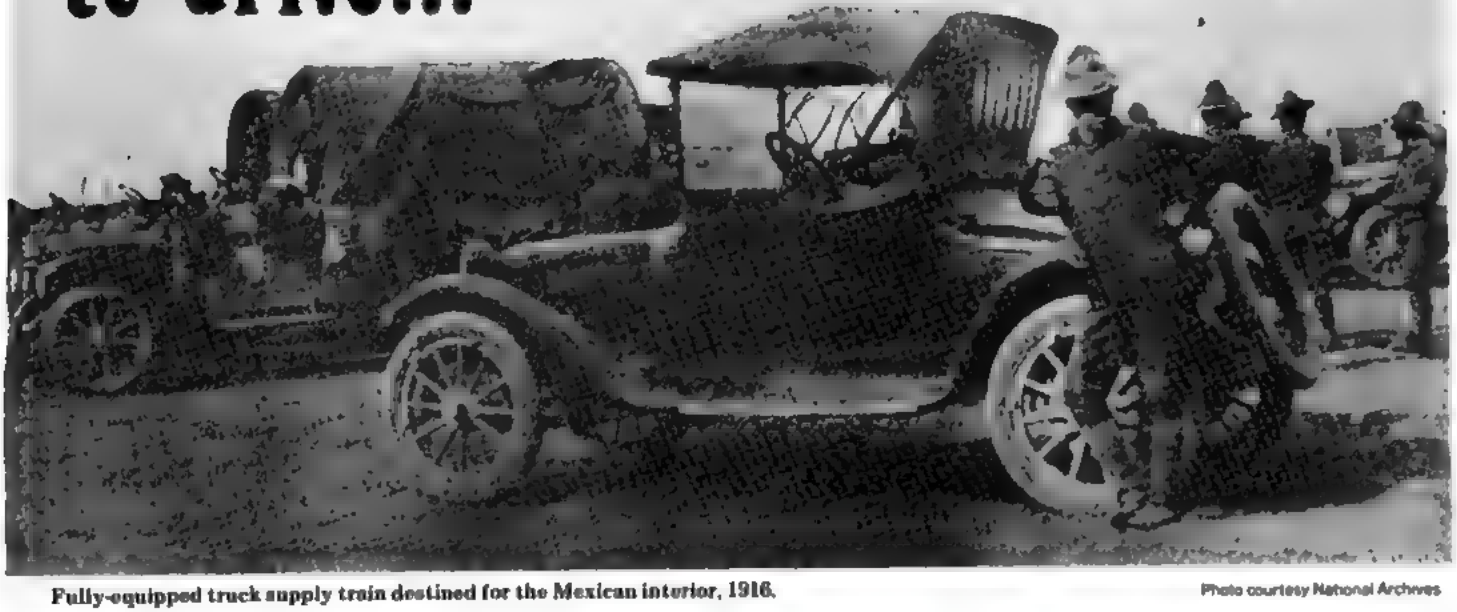
Grease rack used by General Pershing's motor pool in what is now Pancho Villa State Park, Columbus, New Mexico. Author's photo

Photo courtesy National Archives

U.S. Signal Corps photo

Above left: Mexico's deep sand slowed down Pershing's supply corps. Above right: General John J. (Blackjack) Pershing in front of his tent during the Punitive Expedition.

Villa taught the U.S. Army to drive...



Fully-equipped truck supply train destined for the Mexican interior, 1916.

Photo courtesy National Archives

received official approval from the Government of Mexico for American troops to trespass. Nevertheless, Pershing was committed and he forged ahead.

Mules were still the standard method of supplying field units when railroads were not available, and the Mexicans had refused Pershing the use of their limited lines. But the Americans expected to move too fast for mules to keep up, and the quantity of required supplies would have been very great to be packed so far by animals.

In this campaign, mules had their last chance. Even though the land was better suited for the use of draft animals since nothing existed but wagon ruts, the engine-powered vehicles proved their value.

As soon as orders to invade Mexico were received, word was sent to the auto makers requesting large quantities of spare parts, mechanics, and instructions to teach the soldiers everything they needed to know to operate and maintain the supply lines from Columbus to the deepest parts of the Mexican interior.

Two hours after Pershing's request arrived, 200 Dodge employees were preparing to journey south in support of the Dodge trucks and cars used by the command. Less than 22 hours after instructions were sent to the Packard plant, 27 trucks and 33 mechanics and drivers left for the front. White, Four Wheel Drive Auto Company, Jeffery, Lippard-Stewart, Locomobile-Rikers, Pierce-Arrow, Ford, Peerless, and others also had equipment and company personnel on the expedition. The El Paso *Times* reported on March 20 that 60 factory mechanics were in Columbus installing armor on trucks destined for Mexico.

The trails of Mexico had few bridges; when a stream had to be crossed, it was forded. It was in and out of every arroyo; over every rock; and through every mud hole. By the time Pershing left Mexico (11) months later, the roads in places were over a mile wide. When they became impassable because of old ruts or mud, drivers made a new trail around them.

By late August, army engineers had built over 150 miles of new road and repaired some 200 miles of existing trails.

The Press Corps accompanying the troops left Columbus in a Model-T Ford and a Hudson Touring car, but eight miles south of the border, the Hudson fell into a chug hole and broke an axle. Breakdowns were common to the entire fleet. Military trucks were abandoned all along the route. Some were cannibalized to keep others running; some were simply left to the

Photo courtesy National Archives

Above: Four Wheel Drive Auto Company vehicles fording a stream. Below: The Punitive Expedition's truck lines extended more than four hundred miles into Mexico from Columbus, New Mexico.

elements and to the native scavengers.

With army radios, model number 1, transported in wagons, commanders tried to maintain communications with field units. As the newspapers reported, "This is the very latest wireless equipment . . . and is capable of transmitting and receiving messages at great distance." The sets were only reliable for about 25 miles; yet they were indeed wireless, and much more portable than the telegraph.

General Pershing may have ridden to Mexico in a Dodge Touring car, and he may have been using the latest technology, but he was still a horse soldier at heart. Near Satevo, the general ordered his headquarters trucks parked in a circle nose to tail, reminiscent of his Indian war days. He then set up the command post inside the ring.

In hostile areas, motor supply trains were flanked by horse-mounted cavalry. The horse soldier scouted ahead, and protected the rear against surprise attack. An armed guard rode each truck for the entire trip. The motor car provided the muscle for transporting the required goods, but the horse was still relied on for defense.

Supply companies operated both express convoys carrying materials urgently demanded by field units, and local routes that transported routinely requested goods. There were two divisions. The first moved equipment from the border to staging depots in Mexico. The other moved the material deeper into the interior where the forward commands were located.

Typical truck companies consisted of 27 trucks for hauling, one repair vehicle, a truck-train master, three assistants, 28 drivers, one mechanic, a mechanic's helper, and a machinist. Pershing eventually had 22 such companies.

Three tank trucks, having a capacity of 600 gallons each, supplied water for desolate areas and for locations where the few streams and wells were polluted. Roadside camps with kitchens were established along the route to keep the truckers rolling day and night.

Travel over the so-called roads was extremely slow for the heavy-laden vehicles. Ten miles-per-hour was considered very good. Jeffery Quads became known as "man-killers' because of the brute force required to control them. Being stuck in the sand or broken down was as normal as the ever present wind.

The heaviest trucks used were two 4-ton vehicles made by Peerless. They grossed at 16,800 pounds; were powered by four cylinder, 60 horsepowered engines; and had 12-inch wide drive wheels. Although heavy, they performed well in the deep sand because of the wide tread design.

Fast moving details of soldiers used automobiles and motorcycles to investigate rumored attacks on supply trains, search for downed flyers, or rapidly transport a squad or a dispatch.

While traveling in a Dodge Touring car, near San Miguelito, young Lieutenant George S. Patton was attacked by a group of mounted Villistas. He stood up in the front seat and opened fire, killing two bandits. The dead leader, being a Villa aide, was draped over the hood of Patton's vehicle and presented to General Pershing at headquarters. Patton recognized the future of motor vehicles and later referred to them as "modern warhorses."

Although the Punitive Expedition left Mexico in February 1917 without capturing Villa, the campaign had provided an unusually rugged training ground for the coming war, and it proved the value of motor vehicles to future military tacticians.

When asked what his command left in the field, Pershing replied, "A practicable automobile road 200 miles into Mexico."

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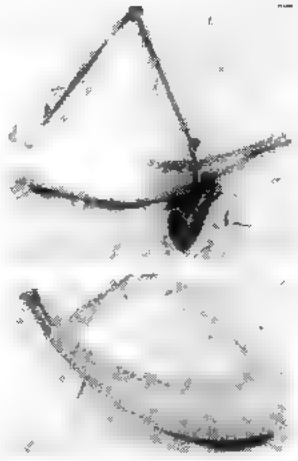

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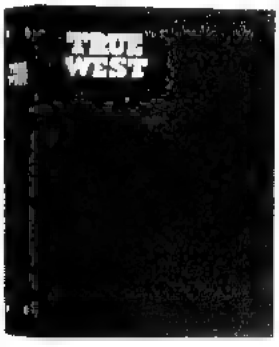

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Wild Old Days!

Riverside, Cal., Oct. 1st, 1909

Wanted for Murder

$50.00 Reward

Willie Boy, a Chimawawa Indian. 28 years old. Height 5 feet 8 or 9 inches' Weight 150 pounds. Smooth face. Medium build. Has a scar under his chin where he was shot about three years ago, the bullet coming out of the mouth, taking out two or three teeth. Wore new black hat, dark gray coat and pants.

Willie Boy is wanted for the murder of Old Mike, an Indian, on Sept. 26, 1909, at Banning, Cal. He also shot and killed Old Mike's daughter on Sept. 30th, after forcing her to follow him 70 miles in the mountains. He was trailed to a point about 25 miles northeast of The Pipes in the San Bernardino mountains on Sept. 30, 1909, and was headed toward Daggett or Newberry. He has a 30-30 rifle with him and is a desperate man. Take no chances with him. I hold warrant for murder. Arrest and send any information to

F. P. WILSON, Sheriff.

CALIFORNIA'S LAST "OLD WEST" MANHUNT

By Rosemary Evans

Photos provided by author

WHEN the Indian, Willie Boy, became the subject of a manhunt, it seemed to draw one of the biggest posses of old lawmen ever known in California. Some had walked with the famed Wyatt Earp; all had played a role in keeping the peace in frontier times. The hunt for Willie brought guns off the wall that their owners had long retired.

It all started on September 26, 1909, when the befuddled Willie shot and killed another Indian, old Mike Boniface. The killing caused newspapers in San Bernardino and Riverside Counties to hit an all-time high in sales. Headlines on Willie's plight spread far and wide: Willie Boy Is Giving Lawmen a Run for Their Money . . . The Paiute Refuses To Remain Put . . . Willie Boy Runs 60 Miles in One Day . . . Willie Boy Shoeless but Still Running.

At the Malki Museum among other examples of the Morongo Indian heritage, is a Willie Boy exhibit. The Morongo Indians have accepted the renegade as one of their own. Pride is felt in the fact that Willie cleverly eluded the posses for over 500 miles of impossible terrain without ever being seen.

Willie was born sometime around 1880 in a brush wickiup in Nevada. His parents were members of a band belonging to the Paiutes. While he was yet small the family journeyed to the Twentynine Palms area. In the refuge of boulders and rocks now a part of Joshua Tree National Monument, Willie grew in the ways of his people. When his parents were killed during a flash flood, the local clan accepted Willie.

During his teens Willie left the Twentynine Palms people and went to work as a cowboy. Being a good baseball player, skilled runner and expert horseman made Willie popular with the whites he worked for and with. But he was a restless young

Left: Reprint of an original reward poster for murderer Willie Boy.

Postcard above shows an Indian campsite near Twentynine Palms, the area where Willie Boy grew up.

man, working on various ranches and roaming the area from Banning and Victorville to Twentynine Palms. He knew every crevice, boulder, canyon and spring in the country.

ON A return visit to the old camp in Twentynine Palms, Willie was impressed with the beauty of the daughter of a distant kinsman. Isoleta (called Lolita by the whites), being fourteen, was flattered by Willie's affections. However her father, Mike Boniface, still lived by the old ways and disapproved of a blood-kin marital relationship.

Willie made no effort to contain his love for Isoleta, and persuaded her to follow him away from camp. Old Mike found them in a lover's embrace and lashed out angrily at Willie. Forcibly dragging the lovesick girl back to camp, Old Mike ordered that she "never speak to Willie Boy again."

The following summer the Boniface family moved to the Gilman Ranch in Banning. Willie camped nearby and put on his best behavior for Old Mike. They even became friends but Mike still kept his daughter away from her suitor.

Mike broke off the tenuous friendship one day when he noticed Willie becoming flushed with excitement as Isoleta walked in an adjoining field.

On a hot day late in September, Willie could stand it no longer. His love for Isoleta was all he lived for. He had to have her for his own. Perhaps at the fiesta being held at the Morongo Reservation, he would find a way to talk to her. He had to try. His heart ached for her.

At the fiesta he bought a silk bandana, but was unable to give it to his love. Old Mike made sure Isoleta did not go near Willie. After following her for several hours and being unable to even speak to her, Willie left the reservation. On his way home he bought a bottle of whiskey.

The next day was Sunday, September 26. Willie drank the whiskey, and when the day was cooler he took the bandana and his .30-30 Winchester and walked toward the Boniface camp. Old Mike saw him coming and went to meet him. Willie begged to see Isoleta. He told Mike he had to have her. When Mike refused Willie suddenly aimed the .30-30 and Old Mike fell dead.

The Boniface family stood frozen in horror as the Paiute approached, still aiming the rifle. Willie motioned for Isoleta to come to him. She tearfully refused. Mrs. Boniface, fearing for all her children, urged her daughter to go to Willie. Fear masked the faces of the young lovers as they fled toward Mt. San Jacinto.

WHEN WORD of Old Mike's murder reached the sheriff, the hunt was on. Several posses were formed including one of Indians from the Morongo Reservation. Wanted posters circulated quickly throughout the country. Old West rifles everywhere came down off the wall.

The chase led through rocks, thick brush, over cliffs, canyons and washes. Through desert sand, dry lakes and tortuous heat. At Twentynine Palms Willie doubled back to Mesquite Springs, turned west across Rock Corral, and south to Ruby Mountain.

No one really knows what happened between Isoleta and Willie Boy. Near Duncan Flats they found her body. It lay across a granite stone, a bullet in her back. In her limp hand the silk bandana blew in the wind. She had been with her demented abductor three nights. Some claim it was her inability to keep up with the fast-moving Willie that caused him to kill her. A more likely story is that she rejected his love, and in Willie's already deranged mind he could not deal with her rejection.

After 500 miles and eighteen days, Willie Boy was seen for the first time since the killing of Old Mike. On Ruby Mountain in a clump of boulders they found his body. He had rid himself of all belongings, a death preparation of the Paiute Indians. Then with his last bullet he cheated the law by blowing a hole in his chest.

A quick burial was ordered. Someone in the posse softened the harshness of the cremation by declaring, "He was not a bad Indian." To which another lawmen reportedly replied, "He's a good Indian now."

Good Indian or bad Indian, as the cremation smoke blended into the fresh air, the savagery of the last days of a love-sick Indian boy vanished. Today Willie Boy's love for the young girl Isoleta is more remembered than the sinful deed of the two murders he committed.

FIRST RADIO USED IN FOREST

Submitted By Ralph A. Fisher Sr.

Explanatory Note: My long-time friend Robert W. Bates was former Tonto Forest Ranger of the Payson, Arizona District office from January 1960 through July 1962, and is now stationed in Albuquerque, New Mexico, of the USDA Forest Service Southwestern Region. In December of 1978, the following Cultural Resources Report, written and prepared by Ranger Bates was released. He has given me permission to use its contents to further inform the public of an Historical First in the Forest Service.

BACK IN 1916 the use of short-wave radio by a Forest Ranger was uncommon enough to rate a big headline in newspapers, and one such headline appeared in the *Arizona Star* in Tucson on December 5, 1916.

"A message received here this morning from District Forester Redington, who is inspecting the Apache National Forest in Arizona, states that a wireless message was transmitted yesterday from the Baseline Ranger Station to Clifton, a distance of 40 miles. This is believed to be the first time that wireless has been used in transacting

Photo by Ralph A. Fisher, Sr

Robert Bates, former Tonto National Forest Ranger.

National Forest business.

"The outfit was installed by Forest Ranger Warner and Ray Potter of Clifton and cost $75.00 . . . Any ordinary telephone line between Clifton and Baseline would cost at least a hundred dollars a mile, or $4,000.

"The transmittal of the message demonstrates the practicability of overcoming the heavy static indident to the dry climate of the Southwest, and Forest Service Officers hope that wireless telephoning will be the next development in the National Forest communication system."

By the Presidential proclamation of October 3, 1905, a small area of Black Mesa Forest Reserve (now Coconino National Forest) was taken to help create the Tonto National Forest, at the southern end; another small area was removed from the then "Pinal Mountain Forest Reserve" . . . both of these areas were added to Tonto National Forest. This then, as of 1932, from the Mogollon Rim down to Salt River completed 2,303,744 acres, the largest of our National Forests except for two now in Alaska.

The Tonto National Forest was created to protect the watershed of the huge Roosevelt reservoir created by Roosevelt dam, dedicated by Theodore Roosevelt on March 18, 1911.

"Ranger Warner in charge at Baseline, while riding to Clifton one day during the summer of 1916 noticed a wireless aerial over Mr. Potter's house, two miles north of Clifton, Arizona. His interest suddenly aroused, he rode to the home and asked for information as to the wireless. Mr. Potter had always been interested in electrical work, especially that of communication, and informed Mr. Warner that his wireless station had given very satisfactory service, having picked up messages from many points in the United States.

"Mr. Potter and Ranger Warner ordered the necessary material for a wireless telegraph outfit from a mail order house for the Baseline Ranger Station. This material was delivered in a few days and was packed to the station where Mr. Potter and Ranger Warner installed it.

"The aerial was attached to a point on the west bank of the Canyon 557 feet above the river bed, stretched to a point on the east side of the Canyon 198 feet above the river bed, a distance between the two points of 1,600 feet. They ran out of brass wire for the antenna copper and used baling wire, and figured on usng No. 10 galvanized wire (iron) for the sustaining wire but ran short and used over 500 feet of the ordinary barbed fence wire.

"Their lead-in wire was 25 feet of galvanized iron and 133 feet of copper wire with rubber covered wire where it entered the house to the aerial switch to the connections of the sending set.

"They used a side frame of an iron bed for a round rod, and in less than six weeks after the mail order was delivered, messages were being sent and received between the Baseline Ranger Station and the two wireless stations in Clifton, Arizona."

THE FIRST MESSAGE was received in Clifton by a Mr. Harriman, (not otherwise identified) that had the second wireless set, in addition to that of Mr. Potter. The wireless equipment could not transmit the voice of course, and the messages were sent via Morse Code, so that the operator had to learn telegraphy, and apparently Ranger Warner mastered it quickly.

Baseline Ranger Station got its name from its location on the Gila and Salt River Baseline of the public land survey. The Baseline site has a history preceding the establishment of the National Forest. A pioneer by the name of Fred J. Fritz lived here awhile with Nat Whitum, an Indian scout. In 1891 Mr. Fritz went to Clifton for supplies and upon his return found Nat dead by the bedside, where he had apparently been reaching for his gun and had died in a kneeling position. Mr. Fritz followed a trail of blood which led to the spring and horse corral. This seemed to indicate that the killer had watched Nat leave the cabin, water the horses, then shot him unarmed early that morning. It was thought Nat was killed by the Apache Kid, a renegade Indian.

Speaking about the radio experiment Fred Fritz remarked, "It was quite an event . . . and was used by us here on various occasions to get messages to close-by communities as well as to Clifton."

Hal Sizer, later a Ranger at Baseline, wrote a poem about Warner's wireless operation.

"And from the aerial swung
From the barbed wire hung
From a crag on the mountain wall,
And a transmitter set
On the table to let
Sir William send out his first call."

Nevertheless, the Baseline radio experiment was the beginning of interest in use of radio and it led to some early portability achievements by the Forest Service radio lab, which in turn stimulated the manufacturers, and so today we have come to rely almost totally on radio for field communication, that all began by a few pioneering spirits at Baseline down on the Blue.

CATTLE CAPITAL BY ACCIDENT

By Henry B. Jameson

THE FAMOUS Chisholm Trail cattle capital of Abilene was founded by a crusty old adventurer who had visions of having the picturesque site all to himself. Then wagontrains found it and the railroad came through. Ten years later it was one of the best known datelines in America, a "sin city" cattle-boom town overrun by cowboys, prostitutes, gamblers and saloon keepers sporting diamonds as big as acorns.

Timothy C. Hersey was a New Englander native from Maine who moved to Illinois as a boy. Following a good education he drifted on West to become an explorer, contractor of hay, feed and grain, and surveyor for the U.S. Army. This took him to Fort Riley, a new military base in central Kansas that was established to pro-

tect the overland trails and settlers from the Indians.

One day he rode through a sea of buffalo grass to a lush spot in the undulating hills where Mud Creek meets the Smoky Hill River. He decided to settle there. This was in July 1857.

Tim Hersey built the first log cabin in Abilene. After sending for his wife the cabin was enlarged to serve as a "last chance" cafe and Overland stagecoach station. It later became the site of one of the city's finest native stone mansions which still stands as a private home and tourist attraction.

The first white child born in Abilene was a Hersey daughter, Sylvia, who married an Iowa farmer.

One unique twist is that the name "Abilene," the town that became so wild then produced Dwight D. Eisenhower, the 34th President, and for which the Abilene in Texas is named, comes from the Bible (Luke 3-1). It was selected by Mrs. Hersey, a devout Methodist. Hersey preferred Herseyville, but knew better than to argue with his wife.

Coming along shortly behind Hersey was a settler from Ohio, Charles A. Thompson. He homesteaded 160 acres on the opposite side of the creek from where Hersey had homesteaded another 160 acres.

THE TURNING POINT that made Abilene the early day cattle mecca came about entirely by accident — a story of dirty shirts.

Joseph G. McCoy, of a wealthy Illinois banking and livestock trading family, had conceived the idea of establishing a shipping point on the new railroad moving west through Kansas, to which Texas Longhorns could be driven and then shipped to eastern markets. There was such chaos after the Civil War that ranchers in Texas were becoming cattle poor.

McCoy was scouting for sites and had about given up on his plan when he stopped in the log-cabin village of Abilene a second time — to pick up the laundry he had left with a Mexican woman. He rode up to a stranger and asked who owned all that spread of bottom land territory.

"I reckon I do," drawled Hersey, "but what about it stranger?"

McCoy quickly explained. Hersey called in Thompson and they made a deal right there in the dusty road beside a prairie dog town. They threw in some additional acreage and sold McCoy the entire townsite for $2,400. The most famous cattle town of the early West was on its way.

McCoy's people built hotels, business houses, a huge stockyard, laid out a route to Wichita connecting with another trail and spent over $5,000 distributing posters throughout the Southwest advertising the new cattle market.

The first herd of cattle arrived in less than six months (September 1, 1867) and continued coming by the thousands for six years.

Hersey couldn't stand all the commotion and population influx. He moved on West again to found at least three more communities.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 5)

when and where each were born, died, and married.

Benjamin's parents were Spencer Benson and Comfort Short. Spencer was born December 4, 1755 in Sussex County, Delaware, served in the Revolutionary War from Sussex County, married Comfort Short in Lewes Presbyterian Church, at Lewes, Delaware, moved to Raleigh, North Carolina after 1798 and on to Sevier County, Tennessee about the time it became a state; then to Rhea County by 1818 where he probably died.

Some of Benjamin Benson's children were: William Clifton, born in Tennessee; Jane H., born in 1824 in Tennessee and married about 1848 or '50 in Marshall or Jackson County, Alabama to Jason Calvin Pendergrass; Hannah, born about 1838 or '39 in Tennessee and married Rev. Josiah "Joseph" Willmon, a son of Isiah Willmon of Tennessee; Benjamin H., born in Tennessee, served in the War of 1812 from Sevier County and discharged there; and Joseph, born in 1842 or '43 in Jackson County, Alabama.

Rebecca Prudence Benson was born in 1834 in Tennessee, married about 1849 in Jackson County to Nathaniel Willett, born in 1814 in Tennessee (or Ireland?). They had one son, William Joseph, born November 22, 1850 in Jackson County. Nathaniel was killed in the Civil War according to family tradition. Rebecca Prudence Benson Willett married the second time in 1866 in Calhoun County, Arkansas to Andrew "Andy" Hillion.

I would like to hear from anyone having additional information on any of these people. I will answer all letters and refund postage — Dee Willett, 1930 Lucky Street, Bakersfield, California 93307.

Henneman

I am looking for descendants of two brothers of my great-grandfather, Henry Peter Henneman, John Peter William, born June 7, 1829 and John Phillip Christian, born September 18, 1831. They came to America from Holzappel/Nassau, Germany before their parents did in the spring of 1851. They were supposed to have settled in Texas but were never heard from.

Henry Peter Henneman and his parents settled in western Pennsylvania. They also had two uncles, Philip Henry, born August 23, 1810 who married Madgalene Sophia Uter; and John Carl, born June 4, 1815. They also were to have settled in Texas.

Information on any descendants would be appreciated. — Clyde E. Henneman, 11855 — 93rd Avenue North, Seminole, Florida 33542.

Ward

My grandfather, Jack Champlin Ward, said he was born in 1878 in White Sulphur Spring, West Virginia. His father, J.C. Ward, owned a tannery. His mother was Bertha (or Francis) Champlin and he had a sister named Monica. He married Ivah Lucina Crawford in 1917 and their daughter, Francis Elizabeth, was my mother.

Jack Ward was a mining engineer and spent some time in the Yukon. About 1920 he went to San Luis Obispo, California to see about a mining job and was never seen again. Could he have gone to Mexico?

Any information about my grandfather would be appreciated. — Linda Shorb, P.O. Box 1206, Post Falls, Idaho 83854.

Wallace — McCoy — Tiner — Thompson

I am seeking information on Wallace and McCoy families. John Wallace married Safrona Ford and their son was John Ford Wallace. They were from Mississippi, perhaps around Biloxi, and later moved to Texas or Oklahoma.

My grandfather, Thomas Jefferson Tiner, was born somewhere in Arkansas. His parents were _____ Tiner and Lillie Ora Arnold Tiner. Grandfather left his wife and daughter, taking a son Tom with him to Texas. Grandfather married Willie Mae Thompson in Mexia. Her father disowned her for marrying Tiner against his wishes. Any information on any of these families will be appreciated. — Ralph W. Tiner, Sr., 95 Lincoln Avenue, Somerville, New Jersey 08876.

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LAME DANCING MASTERS

Courtesy Mrs. L. L. Long, Timber Lake, S. Dakota

An Indian view of Government Schools written anonymously in 1900 ...

WE "Red Men" are taken to be educated, enlightened, made into citizens, taught to take our place in the world. To do this work upon us, the government pays a small army of men and women.

Are we educated? Yes, but how? Can a lame man teach dancing? Ninety-nine out of a hundred of our teachers are lame dancing-masters, and it is lame dancing they teach.

There is the School Farmer who instructs us. Is he a man who has ever farmed in this locality or anywhere under similar conditions of soil and climate? No, indeed! Has he ever been able to make a living at farming anywhere? Preposterous! That is not the sort of man who would be chosen. A man need not have farmed to pass a civil-service farmer's examination.

Indian schools are not "business." If the white-vest farmer cannot raise his own horse-feed — and generally he cannot — the government furnishes it. But he teaches us to plow, rake, harrow, sow, plant, cultivate. How profitable — as we never realize a harvest under his instructions!

We learn to garden as usefully. Beans are much eaten in all the schools — a chief article of diet. They are all purchased — though most any land would raise beans, and all schools have land that would. We eat beef and mutton — but are we taught to raise our own cattle and sheep? Only in a few schools. We eat dried fruit the year round in schools where the neighboring farmers have abundance of fresh fruit.

Manual training — is it taught by a skillful workman who has made a living at his trade as cabinet-maker, joiner, or smith? None of these. Too often the teacher is a woman who could not sell all the bric-a-brac she ever made for enough to buy a summer hat. If the teacher is a man, he is generally as useless. If he hadn't a job teaching others the trade, he couldn't get a living. Manual training in many of our schools is merely to occupy our hands, and make us content. It asks no practical questions of cost of material, time employed, usefulness of the finished article.

We saw wood, or clean sewers or sink-holes for fatigue duty, so that we may always have all the distaste for such work that the penal idea can pile upon its general unpleasantness. We "clean yard" in much the same spirit. Some boys are made to read their Bibles as a punishment. This is a good way to make them fond of the Book and of cleanliness!

It is a boast of the service that superintendents of Indian schools stand in *loco parentis* to the pupils. But they are rather amateur parents. Many of these superintendents — men and women — are unmarried; many who are married are childless. What do they know about fathering or mothering many, if they never fathered or mothered any? They call us to them and make us good talks, but they do not go to the child to see if it is happy. He is fed and clothed, what more does he want?

But ah, friends, we have been happy without these things in our homes where love was; in school we have

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them and are not happy, because love is not there. How many superintendents ever sat down to listen to and pity the story of a bruised heel or some other child woe? But a father would listen; a father would pity. Even a "Red Man" father.

OUR MATRONS are mostly good women, and mostly old maids. They do not know much about falling in love; they are not quite qualified to deal with growing girls — and grown ones — who still have woman-nature undried. These good but unappointed women do not know how to advise and control natures which crave and have not learned to dissemble; the only recourse such teachers know is to use severe punishments. They cannot understand that my sister's look or gesture of longing is the forerunner of the pretty blush which so many hundred years of careful training have taught the Caucasian maiden — who of course never betrays her nature except by a blush!

Our teachers — can they teach? Have they ever been successful in other schools not of Indians? Yes, more than any other employees in the Indian service. But everywhere many of them are narrow and strangers. Most of them are Easterners who do not understand the frontier; most of them cannot take or make a place in the Western communities to which they have come. They know a little in books — not very much, I think — and very little about life. White Westerners are not such fools, and neither are we.

The teachers are not always looked up to by either class. They have not as much respect among their own people as we have among ours! Does this seem strange to you? It ought not to, for it is true. Among us Indians only the wiser teach the children; among the whites, it seems as if those who couldn't make a living at anything else get a job to teach Indians.

Under this sort of system, of which I have only given hints, we are brought up in a government Indian school, after being taken from our homes. At no point are we in touch with actual life. At home we would have learned, with fathers' and mothers' love, to do the things we shall have to do. At school we are unmade as Indians, and not made into white people. We are always trained by people who do not know our game and never could win their own.

Many of these teachers mean well. But I think that when a contract is let to build a school building, the contractor isn't paid for meaning to put up a building. He doesn't get his money until he puts it up — nor then, unless he puts it up right. Maybe that is the reason so many more take positions than contracts; for the teacher is paid for attempts, the contractor only for results. If half as much care and shrewdness were given to the pupils as to the buildings, the Indian might have some chance to be really educated.

New Books for Collectors

The Old House Book of Living Rooms and Parlors (Lawrence Grow, General Editor; James H. Roper, Consultant). Practical, resourceful, and expert advice on restoring, furnishing, and decorating a period room. Published by Warner Books, Inc., 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10019. 96 pages, 7½" x 10"; illustrated in b/w and color; bibliography, index. Paperback $7.95; hardcover $15.00 plus 50¢ per order and 50¢ per book, postage and handling.

The Old House Book of Bedrooms (Lawrence Grow, General Editor; Ellen Beasley, Consultant). Almost 200 b/w and color photos of Colonial and Victorian bedrooms in both simple family dwellings and high-style mansions capture the rich and varied possibilities available to all who cherish the form and texture of old house living. Published by Warner Books, Inc. 96 pages, 7½" x 10"; bibliography, index. Paperback $7.95; hardcover $15.00 plus 50¢ per order and 50¢ per book, postage and handling.

The Brand New Old House Catalog compiled by Lawrence Grow. 3,000 completely new and useful products, services, and suppliers for restoring, decorating, and furnishing the period house from Early American to 1930s Modern. Published by Warner Books, Inc. 224 pages, 9" x 11"; b/w illustrations; bibliography; index. $9.95 paperback; $17.95 hardcover plus 50¢ per order and 50¢ per book, postage and handling.

Southwestern Colonial Ironwork by Marc Simmons and Frank Turley. The centuries-old art of ironworking as practiced by Hispanic craftsmen from Texas to California. Published by The Museum of New Mexico Press, P.O. Box 2087, Santa Fe, N.M. 87503. 199 pages; 8¼" x 10"; b/w illustrations; bibliography, index. $14.95 paperback; $25.95 cloth.

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 6)

small chores around the place, mostly tying up fence and mending gates. And the old bull's skull was wired onto a post down by the stable.

Back on that morning in 1885, the boys coming in early dragging the big buffalo made quite a stir. Several of the cowboys helped Berry and Pease with the skinning and dressing out of this near quarter ton of buffalo meat. It got to be such a devilish job in the cold that they were not too careful with the hide.

Buffalo meat was new to some of the crew while others had eaten it before and favored it. Their cook, according to Pease, did a darn poor job of cooking it. Even so, he said, it was much better eating than the fried salt pork they got so much of the time.

The heavier parts of the buffalo carcass were hacked away for the two or three "lion" dogs one of the riders was trying to train. As the snow melted the remainder was dragged out on the prairie where the wolves finished the work.

Pease and Berry wanted to try to dry the hide for a keepsake and did, after much effort, get it nailed up with the head still attached. It was while worrying with the hide that Berry noticed (or rather felt) the odd gristly lump on the old buffalo's forehead. Both he and Pease poked around and finally slit the hide above the lump to get a better look. What they found was a flint arrowhead stuck about halfway through the bull's skull. It was even then a pure guess as to how long the flint had been implanted there — a long time for sure since an Indian had hit dead center and failed. — Bob Thomas, 1022 Alamo St., San Marcos, Texas.

Hosstail's Small Talk

(Continued from page 3)

most of the time even though I was not raised up that way. When I finally found that it was fun living alone for a few days at a time, I simply discovered a new life.

I have only owned this place for eight years (me and the bank, that is) but there are many fond memories. For instance, I am looking at a spot now that held high drama for my youngest son, Jim, and me on a winter day about nine months ago.

First, let me say that I love dogs and always have. I also think that the coyote is an integral part of the West. But there are so many wild dogs and coyotes now that they are really becoming an alarming nuisance for goat and sheep ranchers. Some men are flat going out of business. And still the environmentalists say, "Protect the coyote from extinction!" They don't believe what the ranchers say. I would be glad to be a part in getting a rancher and one of the "it's got to be our way!" environmentalists together. The latter could bring along his pocketbook, lease a certain ranch for a year at an agreed upon price, put goats and sheep on it and invite the coyotes in.

There are enough environmentalists and they holler loud enough to be able to raise money for this project, I am sure. In short, I am asking them to put their money where their noise is. It makes a lot of difference when you are the one under the gun!

I have coyotes and wild dogs right here on this ranch, and I know what they do. Wild dogs in a pack are much worse than coyotes. I'm going to tell you a story about just two wild dogs that I don't expect you to believe. If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, as the old saying goes, and participated in it, I doubt if I would believe it either.

One morning I was sitting in the cabin looking out across the old field and talking with my cousin, Hop Fergeson, who enjoys being away from the city about as much as I do. I got up to refill my cup of coffee and Hop yelled, "Come quick — something is happening!" When I got back, he told me that a cow elk had just passed and that foam was dripping from her mouth. There were two big wild dogs following her trail. There was foam on their mouths also, indicating that the race had been long and that the dogs and the elk were nearing exhaustion.

My mind raced. It is strange how you go into a near shock over a situation like this. I only had a .22 Marlin rifle and a twelve gauge shotgun, which could have been sufficient for this job, but I jumped into the Jeep immediately and went after my youngest son, Jim, telling Hop to watch and see if they came back by and to let go with the .22 if they did.

When I got back with Jim, who has a custom built .257 Gartman, an ideal gun for this particular purpose, Hop told us that they had been back by and were following the same trail. He had turned loose on the dogs with the semi-automatic .22 and they hadn't even changed course. He hadn't hit a thing.

We walked out to where the elk and the dogs had crossed, about forty yards from the cabin, and their trail in the sand was at least three inches deep! How long they had been making this big circle, I couldn't guess since we had only been sitting there drinking coffee for about ten minutes when Hop saw the cow elk.

The strategy was obvious. Take a stand on the trail. Jim went down the trail a ways and I stopped at a little outcropping of scrub oak and took a stand.

Right away the cow elk showed up, caught our scent and bore off-trail and into the brush. It was a full minute before the dogs made their appearance. They were nearly upon us before we saw them. They had come up a little draw and were milling around confused over the turn of events. They were BIG — cross breeds with undoubtedly some German Shepherd blood. They were so intent on working out the trail that they paid no attention to us.

I had a twelve-gauge Ithaca Featherlite 30-inch barrel full choke. I had found some No. 2 shot, which carries quite a way. While I was shooting, Jim was working that bolt as fast as he could and yet both dogs got into the brush without dropping. I only had three shells in my gun and was extremely disappointed when I saw Jim come out of the brush where

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one of the dogs had entered. "You got this one!" he shouted.

That was one of the biggest dogs I have ever seen. We examined him closely and there was no sign of any shot hitting him except a tiny bloody spot on his left hind leg — hip, or whatever you call that way-up part. There was foam all over his mouth, and the only thing we could figure is that when the shooting started and this single shot hit him, he must have had heart failure. It has happened before. Or, more believable, we didn't find the lethal wound.

We never found the other dog, but he must have left the ranch since he never showed again. We haven't had any trouble since. Big dogs or coyote packs won't attack cow elk? Bullus cornus! This is only one of a dozen stories I can relate from personal experience.

Now, I want to say something from long experience. I repeat, I love dogs, and I hate like the devil to kill one, but I prefer my elk and deer to wild dogs. Those poor creatures must kill anything they can to keep alive and they are utterly ruthless.

What causes wild dogs in the woods? It is people who are too chicken-hearted to have the puppies they do not want and cannot place, put to sleep by a veterinarian. Instead they turn them loose on the road somewhere, hoping undoubtedly that they will find a good home.

Authorities who have studied this for years say that 99 percent of abandoned dogs do not find a home — they exist by killing if they exist at all. Some of the pups die a long, lingering, starvation death and there is no crueler way that I know for an animal, or person, to die. Those that make it through the early stages keep making it by killing, killing, and KILLING! I have found fawns on my place that were literally ripped to pieces and nothing left but bones.

Jim came across a kill last winter that was so fresh he must have run the coyotes or dogs away; he said the flesh was still slightly warm. This was in the winter time, so it wasn't warm from the weather. There were bits of hair for a full fifty yards back, where the coyotes or dogs had run upon the sleeping doe and it took them that long to pull her down. There were three eating spots. They gnawed off a leg and a quarter and drug it to a spot to eat by themselves, so he figured there were three animals involved.

Calves get fairly good protection from the mother cow, and the percentage of losses are much lower than on deer, goats and sheep. The kids, lambs and fawns are easy prey for hungry stomachs of both coyotes and wild dogs.

If environmentalists want to protect animals, why not ever say something about that defenseless little fawn who is left with no protection other than camouflage and the absence of scent in its early days? Coyotes won't chase grown deer? Try to tell that to me or my wife. A big coyote (not a dog) chased a doe deer past Elizabeth, who was standing about 30 yards from this cabin. She had nothing but a sudden feeling of contempt for the coyote. "Stop! Quit chasing that little deer!" she yelled — and, of course, you know how much good that did.

I am very much, and always have been an environmentalist myself. Most ranchers are. They have to be in order to enjoy that type of life. They are as interested in maintaining the balance of nature as most environmentalists — but they are more practical. That is why I wish some of the leading environmentalists of this country could trade places with them and put their belief on the block — make it so that it would actually hurt them financially and emotionally if their beliefs are not true. You can't any more exterminate the coyote than you can exterminate the common housefly, ticks, mosquitoes, etc. The entire United States Army couldn't do it. They are multiplying and thriving now as never before and are branching out to states that have never known a coyote until now.

Enough on this subject. It just rubs me the wrong way to see people who do not know what they are talking about trying to tell people who live among these animals what they are seeing and what they are not seeing and how to run their lives!

And another thing they've never made clear to me — why isn't a domesticated animal just as entitled to life as a wild one? I guess it must have something to do with property lines — environmentalists don't like those either.

See you later. — Hosstail

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 33)

Wyoming 82414, 244 pages, $15.95 hardcover plus $2.00 postage and handling, 8½ x 11½ inches).

This handsome book is the story of the Greybull River Valley and the Pitchfork Ranches of Otto Franc and L. G. Phelps in Wyoming. The ranch is one of Wyoming's most historic and oldest ranches.

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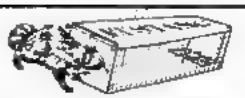

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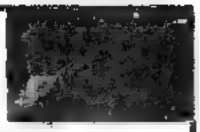

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through the exploration of the region and the arrival of Otto Franc. He established the Pitchfork Ranch in 1878 and owned it until 1903. It was then that L. G. Phelps became the owner. The story of the ranch is carried through 1978.

The book is carefully researched and includes many illustrations. There are drawings by Bob Edgar. Combined, the illustrations, including many showing 20th century ranch life, make this book a valuable contribution to the history of western ranch life.

Highly recommended.

SEVEN LAWMEN

The Lawmen - The Authentic Wild West, by James D. Horan (Crown Publishing Co., One Park Ave., New York, NY 10016, 309 pages, $15.95 hardcover, 8½ x 11 inches).

This is the third volume in the author's "Authentic Wild West" series. The earlier volumes were *The Gunfighters* and *The Outlaws*.

In this book James Horan takes a close look at seven lawmen — Bat Masterson, Bill Tilghman, Charles A. Siringo, William Wallace, Bear River Tom Smith, Wyatt Earp and Theodore Roosevelt. The author has pulled together not only most of what is known about these men from library research, but he has included the results of his own research efforts. And he tells the reader many little known facts.

For instance, Bat Masterson was a close friend of President Theodore Roosevelt, and Masterson became a political adviser to the former president when Roosevelt bolted the Republican Party to form the Bull Moose Progressive League.

And Horan relates in words and pictures the story of how Roosevelt, before he became president, tracked down a gang of robbers in the Dakota Badlands. The photographs documenting the manhunt are included.

In relating the story of Wyatt Earp, Horan tells how the Earp legend was created in the 1920s by writer Stuart Lake, who found the 80-year-old Earp in Los Angeles. Earp was dying, but he approved the highly imaginative biography written by Lake.

While much of the material included in this handsome book has been available to scholars for some time, some facts appear for the first time between the book's covers. It is a valuable contribution to the biographies of the seven lawmen. Recommended.

NEW MEXICO

New Mexico; The Shining Land by John L. Sinclair (The University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, NM 87131, 187 pages, $14.95 hardcover, 8 x 10 inches).

This book contains a collection of essays by a fine writer who has lived in New Mexico for more than half a century. He is a native of Scotland. The essays were first published in *Westways* and *New Mexico Magazine*.

In all there are twenty-five, spanning the history of New Mexico. Sinclair's subjects range from the search of the Conquistadors for the Seven Cities of Cibola to the legend of Billy the Kid. Sinclair once served as curator of the Lincoln County Museum and custodian of the Lincoln State Monument. There, from the historic old courthouse, Billy the Kid made his famous escape.

Sinclair, like any good writer, does not tell his readers about his subjects. He shows them to the readers through word pictures. And Sinclair's grasp of the lore of the Southwest is evident in this delightful collection. Highly recommended

WESTERN FORTS

Tour Guide To Old Western Forts by Herbert M. Hart (Old Army Press and Pruett Publishing Co., 3235 Prairie Ave., Boulder, CO. 80301, 212 pages, $22.50 hardcover, 9 x 11½ inches).

This attractive new work is a guide to more than 1,000 forts, camps and posts in seventeen Western states. Civilian as well as military sites are included. And more than 250 photographs and drawings add to the value of this new book.

The author, a career infantryman in the U. S. Marine Corps, has spent nearly two decades researching Western forts. He has visited and photographed hundreds of fort and battle sites. He is the author of the four-volume *Forts of the Old West* series published in the 1960s.

The volume is of special value because the author has included complete driving directions on how to reach the forts. Another aid for the reader is the book's organization. Hart lists the forts by state: Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas, Utah, Washington and Wyoming.

A lengthy list of suggested readings is included at the end for persons wishing to learn more about the forts mentioned. Highly recommended.

BUSHWHACKERS

Bushwhackers of the Border by Patrick Brophy (Vernon County Historical Society, 321 N. Main, Nevada, MO. 64772, 64 pages, $3.50 paperback, $9.95 hardcover, plus 50¢ postage and handling, 8½ x 5½ inches)

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This interesting and well-illustrated work contains the story of Missouri's bushwhackers along the Kansas-Missouri border in the very late 1850s and during the Civil War.

The author begins by looking at the border country and then at the "border ruffians" — Missourians who sought to extend slavery to Kansas Territory. Brophy then describes the "Jayhawkers." He notes that while the Missourians had invaded Kansas for a political end, the Kansans went to Missouri to plunder.

In eight chapters Brophy relates the story of the bloody era. Numerous photographs and illustrations are included. And he calls attention to the Bushwhacker Museum. It occupies what for 100 years was the Vernon County Jail in Nevada, Missouri.

Brophy has produced a valuable contribution to the early history of the Kansas-Missouri border.

Recommended.

LAKOTA INDIANS

Lakota Belief and Ritual by James R. Walker edited by Raymond J. De Mallie and Elaine A. Jahner (University of Nebraska Press, 901 N. 17th St., Lincoln, Neb. 68588, 329 pages, $21.50 hardcover, 6 x 9 inches).

Between 1896 and 1914 James Walker worked as the agency physician on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation. During those years he investigated the medical and religious concepts of the Lakotas, first to aid him in his work, and then as a consuming intellectual interest.

The Lakota medicine men taught Walker about their traditional religion, but he was sworn to secrecy. He agreed not to disclose what he learned until the medicine men were dead. Only recently did Walker's written account become available through the Colorado Historical Society.

The book is divided into five parts. The first looks at Walker's life and work and includes an autobiographical account describing how he became a medicine man. Part two looks at the beliefs of the Indians including Red Cloud, Short Bull and others. This second portion consists of Walker's interviews with the Indians.

Part three contains English translations of texts on religion written in Lakota by an Oglala Indian and based on interviews with medicine men. Part four, titled "Ritual," examines the Sun Dance, the *Hunka* and Buffalo ceremonies, while part five looks at warfare and warrior societies plus the relationship of religion to warfare.

The book is well documented and includes a fine bibliography and index. It is a valuable contribution to the culture of the Lakota. Recommended.

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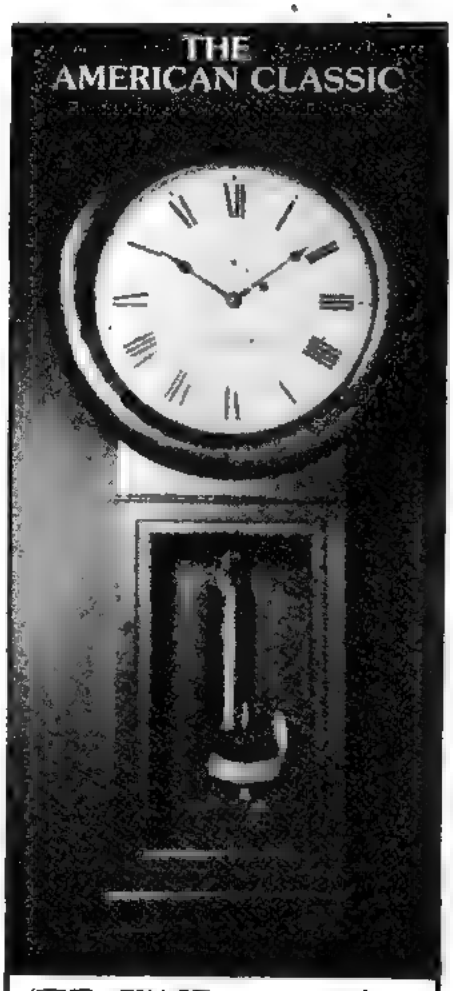

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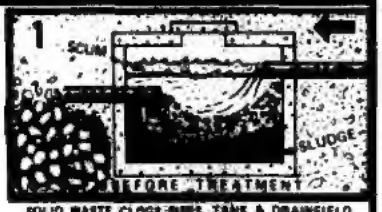

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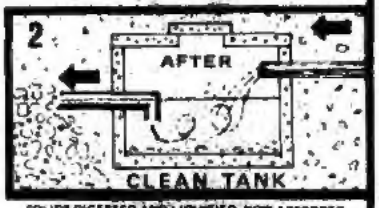

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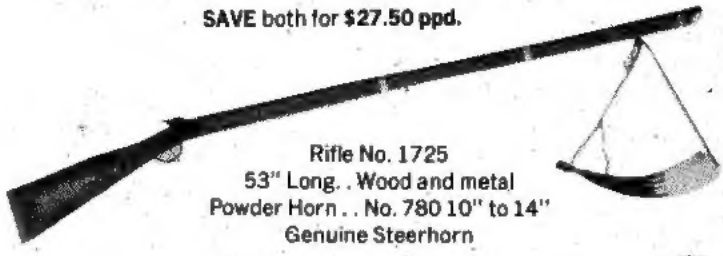

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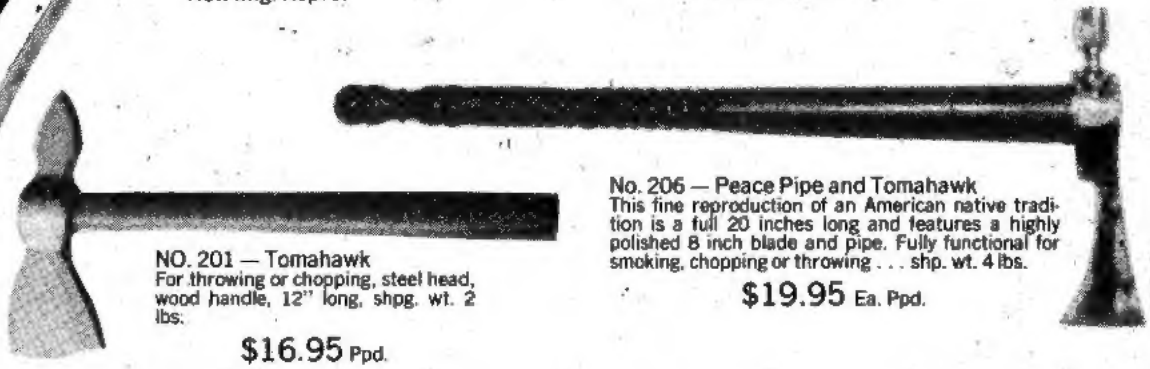

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California Press 37
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Classic Clock Coll. 63
Condor 59
Creative Pub. Co. 41
Daniels Electric 59
Egbert Co. 57
Financial Compass 3
Frederick, A. 4
Geo-Mental Tech. 57
Gold Assay & Mining 4
Grey Owl 3
Hale, Ken 57
JD Ranch Store 57
Kimco 59
Lloyd Corp. 59
M.S.C. Chemical Corp. 65
Mustang Mfg. Co. 59
Phillippe Ent. 51
Pistol Pete 59
Pruett Pub. Co. 5
Raemco 40
RSVP 59
Russell, Charles 68
Uncle Jim O'Neal 2
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